

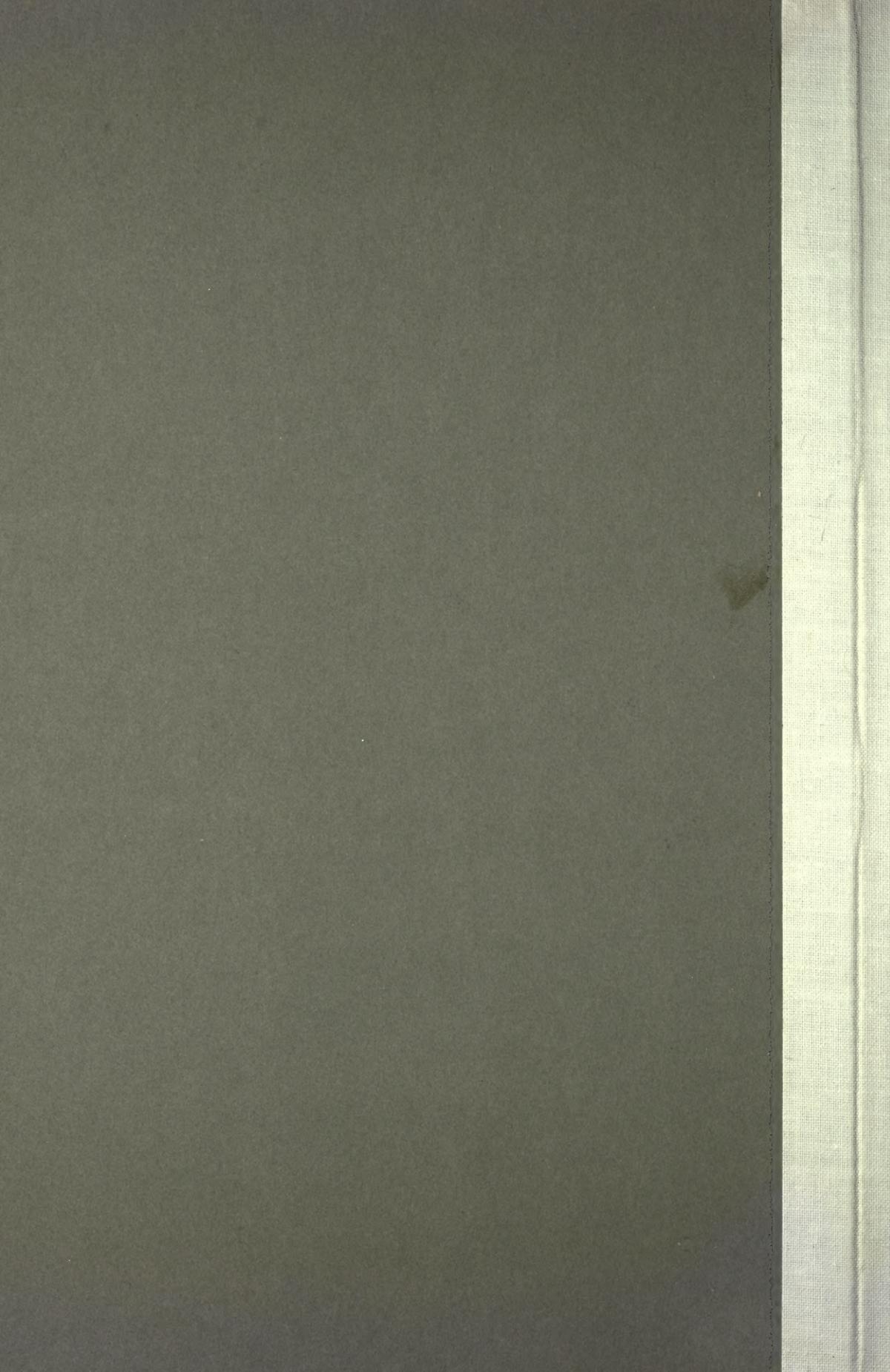


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"La muette de Portici.
Libretto. English & Italiano,

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GRAND OPERA

BY THE
BOSTON GRAND
OPERA
COMPANY
IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE
PAVLOWA
BALLET RUSSE

SEASON - 1915 - 1916
MAX RABINOFF - Managing Director

LIBRETTO

THE ORIGINAL ITALIAN FRENCH
OR GERMAN-LIBRETTO WITH A
CORRECT ENGLISH TRANSLATION

LA MUTA DI PORTICI

PUBLISHED BY

CHARLES E. BURDEN

STEINWAY HALL

107-109 EAST FOURTEENTH ST. NEW YORK
THE ONLY CORRECT AND AUTHORIZED EDITION.





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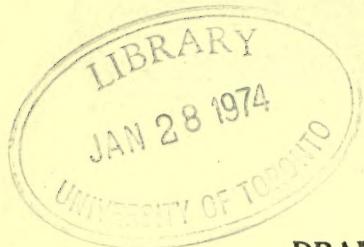
(THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI)

AN OPERA IN FIVE ACTS

COMPOSED BY

D. F. E. AUBER

**CHARLES E. BURDEN, PUBLISHER, STEINWAY HALL
107-109 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET
NEW YORK**



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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ALFONSO d'ARCOS, (son of the Viceroy of Naples.)

LORENZO, (his confidant.)

SELVA, (an officer of the Viceroy's guard.)

MASANIELLO, (a fisherman of Naples.)

PIETRO, (his friend.)

BORELLA, }
MORENO, } (fishermen.)

ELVIRA, (a Spanish Princess betrothed to Alfonso.)

A Maid of Honor of the Princess.

FENELLA, (a dumb girl, Masaniello's sister.)

Chorus of Nobles, Ladies, Soldiers, Fishermen, and Peasants.

The first Act passes in the gardens of the Viceroy, at Naples; the second at Portici, on the seashore between Naples and Mount Vesuvius; the third in a public square in Naples; the fourth at Portici, in the hut of MASANIELLO; and the fifth in the Viceroy's Palace at Naples.

Period: Middle of the Seventeenth Century.

ARGUMENT.

The Opera opens with preparations for the marriage of ALFONSO with ELVIRA, a Spanish Princess. ALFONSO is full of remorse at having gained the love of a beautiful, but poor girl; and confesses to LORENZO that he has had her placed under restraint, to be out of the way during his marriage. This girl (FENELLA, the dumb sister of MASANIEMO, a fisherman) makes her escape, and encounters ELVIRA as she is about to enter the chapel. FENELLA clings to ELVIRA for protection, and, in dumb show, relates how she has been deceived. ELVIRA promises to befriend her, and then proceeds with her bridesmaids to the altar. During the ceremony FENELLA discovers in the bridegroom her betrayer; and on their return from the chapel denounces him to his bride. MASANIEMO, who has long been incensed by the wrongs imposed on the citizens, stirs them up to open revolt when he hears of the cruel treatment his sister has received. A fearful massacre of the Spaniards ensues; and whilst MASANIEMO is regretting the excesses of the people, ALFONSO and ELVIRA enter his cottage and implore his protection, which he promises. FENELLA recognizes ALFONSO; but MASANIEMO, faithful to his pledge, contrives, with the aid of a follower, to convey ALFONSO and ELVIRA in safety from the insurgents. MASANIEMO is proclaimed King, and presented by the magistrates and citizens with the keys of the city; but his head is turned by his position, and eventually the insurgents are overcome. ELVIRA's life is again saved by MASANIEMO, who is shot by his companions for his generous deed. An eruption of Mount Vesuvius occurs during the insurrection; and FENELLA, broken-hearted at the death of her brother, after forgiving ALFONSO, and entreating ELVIRA to be reconciled to him, throws herself into the burning lava.

La Muta di Portici

A T T O I.

SCENA I.

*Giardini nel Palazzo del DUCA d'AR-
cos, splendidamente ornati per festa
nuziale; a sinistra dell'attore l'atrio
di una Cappella, alla destra un trono.
All'alzarsi della tela veggonsi attraver-
sare il teatro varj Armigeri condotti
da SELVA.*

Coro di Dame e Cavalieri, indi
ALFONZO

CORO (*di dentro*)

Cantiam del nostro Principe
L'avventurosa sorte!
Amor di sue ritorte
A Imen lo stringerà.

ALFONZO

(giunge inquieto e perplesso: aggiran-
dosi per la scena mostra tutta l'agi-
tazione del suo cuore.)

Queste voci di gioja, oh! come all'alma
Scendon funeste!—A me non torna
caro

Il posseder colei,
Che fu de' pensier miei
L'unico voto, e la speranza sola
A cui tendeva il cor!—Se me dolente
E tristo fa il rimorso—
Da chi, gran Dio! da chi sperar soc-
corso!
Fenella io ti tradiva,
E spensi ogni tuo ben;
Io d'ingannarti arriva,
E stringo un altro imen.
La pena mia funesta

Vorrei celare appien;
Ma più crudel si desta
Nel mio piagato sen.
Calma, o innocente, i gemiti:
Non mi chamar ingratto;
Se ti lasciai da perfido
Pena è la colpa a me.
Per così avverso fato
Contro me stesso io fremo,
Ed è mio voto estremo
Sol di morir per te.

SCENA II.

LORENZO, *e detto.*

ALFONZO

Lorenzo, alfin giungesti—Oh! dimmi,
amico,
Sai di Fenella tu qual sia il destino?

LORENZO

Signor, l'ignoro—E il zelo mio fu va-
no, vane le cure a rintracciarla.
Allor che intorno il grido
S'alza delle tue nozze; allor che assente
Porger Elvira a te la destra e il core,
Qual nell'alma terrore
D'un pescator ti può destar la suora,
E il suo destin?

ALFONZO

Mel chiedi?—

Il rimorso mi opprime! Io la sedussi
Celandole il mio nome; e più son reo,
Chè il suo destin, misero e strano—oh
Dio,
Più facil rese il tardimento mio.

LORENZO

Che sento?

The Dumb Girl of Portici

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Garden of the Palace of the Duke d'Arcos. At the back, a Colonnade; on the left, an Entrance to a Chapel; on the right, a Throne, erected for a fête.—As the Curtain rises, a party of Spanish Soldiers, headed by SELVA, crosses the Colonnade.

CHORUS (*From behind*)

Oh, Prince! bless'd object of our love,
Sing we thy happy destiny—
May Hymen's torch propitious prove,
And shine, on this thy bridal day.

Enter ALFONZO through the Corridor, during the singing of the Chorus.

ALFONZO

Ah! these glad shouts—these hymeneal strains,
But bring fresh anguish to my stricken heart.
Elvira, my belov'd, how hard my fate!
Remorse o'ertakes, and troubles overwhelm me.

Oh! youthful victim
Of my foul dishonor!

I see with fear
The misery I have wrought.

Fenella, spare me
From thy just reproaches;—
In expiation of my treachery,
Still will I ceaselessly watch over thee.

Ah! these glad shouts—
Those hymeneal strains,
But bring fresh anguish
To my stricken heart.

Elvira, my belov'd,
How hard my fate!
Remorse o'ertakes,
And troubles overwhelm me.

SCENE II

ALFONZO and LORENZO

ALFONZO

Ah! is it thou I see, my faithful friend?
Of poor Fenella, say, what hast thou learn'd?

LORENZO

Nothing, my Prince—all my zealous efforts,
All that I've done
To search out her retreat, have been in vain.

ALFONZO

In what misery has my love involv'd her?
Alas! her wretchedness is but too certain.

LORENZO

While Naples anxiously awaits your nuptials,—
And while the young and fair Elvira With joy will give the hand you so much covet,—
On such a day, what interest can you feel
For one, the daughter of a humble fisher?

ALFONZO

What interest!—Deep remorse o'erwhelms me!
By the concealment of my name, I won her;
And I the more reproach myself in this;—
For that her poor and destitute condition
Rendered my cowardly treachery the more easy.

LORENZO

What mean you?

SCENA III.

ELVIRA, EMMA,
Dame, Signori, e Popolo

CORO

La più gentil donzella
Alfonzo ritrovò:
Ciascuno a tal novella
Di giubilo esultò.

ELVIRA

Splendor della grandezza,
Piacer d'ecceso stato,
Voi siete un nulla del mio bene a lato.

Del mio cor verrà compita
Oggi alfin l'ardente brama;
Tu non sai siccome t'ama,
Idol mio, chi vive in te.

Ah!—che in estasi rapita
Me trovar non so più in me.

Oh! Bel momento!

Di... gioja e amor!

Ah sì! ti sento,...

Qui nel, mio cor;
Non più mistero.

Mi parla, parla il cor;
Felice altero,

Del mio tesor.

Oh, care giovinette

A questo cor dilette!

Che meco in lieto stuolo

Lasciate il patrio suolo

Gioite—ah sì!—con me.

Oh! bel momento

Di gioja e amor!

Ah sì! ti sento

Qui nel mio cor!

Non più mistero—

Mi parla il cor,

Felice altero,

Del mio tesor.

O voi, che me seguiste

In sì lontane arene—Oh! non v'in-
cresca

Con vostre danze amene

Delle rive del Tago
In me sveglier il sovvenir, l'immagine.
(*Siede circondata dalla sua Corte.*
Dopo la danza, odi si, un gran rumore)

BALLET

ELVIRA

Ma qual si sente alto clamore intorno?

EMMA (*dopo di aver guardato.*)

Ell'è una giovinetta,
Da soldati inseguita,
Che le braccia ti stende e chiede aita.

SCENA IV.

FENELLA *inseguita da SELVA e dagli Armigeri; detti; finalmente ALFONZO e LORENZO.*

(*FENELLA giunge sulla scena spaventata: vede la Principessa, e corre a gittarsela ai piedi.*)

ELVIRA

Che brami tu, donzella?

(*FENELLA accenna alla Principessa di non poter parlare; e co' suoi gesti supplichevoli la sconsiglia di sottrarla alle persecuzioni di SELVA.*)

ELVIRA (*rialzandola.*)

Io ti sarò di scudo—

Allor che tutto intorno a me sorride

Potrei negar pietade

A chi nel duol si strugge?—

È nota a voi la sventurata, o Selva?

SELVA

D'un pescator è suora:
Del mio signor un cenno,
Stretta da un mese in carcere la tiene;
Ma — la legge sfidando — ardia que-
st'oggi
Spezzar le sue catene.

SCENE III

ELVIRA and Chorus.

March of Nuptial Procession.—ELVIRA appears, surrounded by young Spanish Girls, her Companions, and Neapolitan Nobles.—Dancing precedes her arrival.—Young Neapolitans present her flowers.

CHORUS

Our Prince, the fairest soon will bless,
When Heaven the nuptial knot shall tie;
May Naples' love and faithfulness Redouble their felicity!
Then let beauty honor'd be!

ELVIRA

All glory's heartless noise,
All grandeur's gaudy beauty,
Will fade before the joys
Of passion, nurs'd by duty.

AIR

For the one I adore, grant, powers that hover
O'er virtue, this fate: that I prove
To be belov'd still by my lover
As truly as I love!

ELVIRA

Oh! moments of delight,
Why fleet so fast away?
My heart in duty's spite
Would fain your course delay,
No more now virgin pride,
Need rapture's thoughts destroy,
For, ah! the happy bride
May speak of love and joy.
(To the young Girls who surround her.)

Companions of my youth,
My happiness partake:
Oh! well your love and truth
You've ventur'd for my sake.
Romantic, native Spain
We never may see more,—
The Sequedilla's strain
Let memory, then, restore.
The gay Guaracha weave,
The blithe Bolero set;
The dear, loved home we leave
We never can forget.
The present may have joys,
The future may have more,
But, ah! of childhood's joys

What can the bliss restore
The past beams brightest yet—
Most pure—most dear of all;
Its anguish we forget,
But all its joys recall.
Then, in this hour of mirth,
Let memory wake again
Thy charms, best spot of earth—
Dear, lov'd romantic Spain!

(She seats herself, surrounded by her Ladies, etc.)

BALLET

(Dancers execute several Spanish and Neapolitan dances. At the end of the Ballet, noise heard without.)

ELVIRA (rising.)

What tumult thus disturbs this joyful plaisirance?

MAID OF HONOR

'Tis a young girl pursued by soldiery:
She bends her footsteps here, imploring shelter.

SCENE IV.

The preceding, and FENELLA, pursued by SELVA and Guards.

Enter FENELLA, greatly alarmed: she perceives the Princess, hurries towards her, and throws herself at her feet.

ELVIRA

What would you?—speak.

(FENELLA makes signs to the Princess that she is dumb, that nothing will efface the gratitude she feels for such condescension: then, by suppliant gestures, she conjures the Princess to save her from the pursuit of SELVA.)

ELVIRA (rising.)

I ought to grant protection.
On such a day of happiness as this
Should I deny my aid to the unhappy?

(to SELVA.)

Who is this hapless damsel, soldier?

SELVA

The daughter of a fisherman, great princess,
Under detention, by the Viceroy's orders,
Some months past; but who this morn
hath braved the law,
And burst her chains—

ELVIRA (*a Fenella.*)

Qual esser può il tuo fallo?

(FENELLA risponde di non esser colpevole, chiamandone in testimonio il cielo.)

ELVIRA

Chi mai, chi ti oltraggiò?

(FENELLA esprime che l'amore impadronivasi del suo cuore, ed esser questa la cagione d'ogni suo male.)

ELVIRA

Ben io t'intendo;
Tu, sventurata!—fosti
Preda d'incauto amore;
Ma chi, de' mali tuoi, chi fu l'autore?

(FENELLA espone d'ignorarlo. Egli però giurava di amarla; e la stringeva al suo seno—Mostrando quindi una sciarpa che la cinge, fa intendere averla da lui ricevuta.)

ELVIRA

E da costui tu abbandonata fosti?

(FENELLA accenna di sì.)

ELVIRA

Ma in questi luoghi—Oh dì!—chi ti condusse?

(FENELLA addita SELVA; egli mosse ad arrestarla malgrado le sue preghiere e le sue lagrime. Col gesto di far girare una chiave e serrare dei catenacci esprime che la chiusero in carcere. Ivi trista, pensierosa, immersa nel dolore, stava pregando il cielo, quando le venne improvvisamente l'ispirazione di togliersi alla sua schiavitù. Indicando una finestra, fa segno che vi appese delle lenzuola, che vi si è lasciata scorrere fino a terra, e che, ivi giunta, ne ha ringraziato il cielo. Sentì poco stanze gridare la sentinella, che volse

verso di lei il moschetto; allora dessa fuggì attraverso il giardino: vide la Principessa, e corse a gettarsela a piedi.)

ELVIRA

Qual forza

Han que' modi parlanti, e qual incanto!
Ritratti, e rasserenati—L'oltraggio,
Spero, vendicherà lo sposo mio:
Ti rassicura, e tutto spera—addio!

(l'affida a due dame che la scorgono in luogo appartato.)

(FENELLA esprime allontanandosi tutta la sua riconoscenza.)

ALFONZO

(Arriva seguito da Paggi, Grandi, Armigeri, ecc.)

Pel nostro imene, o Elvira,
Tutto è già presto—Ah! vieni
E di mia fede il sacro giuro ottieni.

(Prende a mano ELVIRA che seguìta dal corteggio entra nella cappella con lui. SELVA dispone alcune sentinelle che tengono indietro la folla.)

CORO

Nume possente, Dio tutclare,
Veglia clemente, su lor ciel,
Accogli i voti, de' tuoi divoti,
E cogli incensi salgano al ciel.

(La gente si affolla dinanzi al peristilio, ed osserva nel tempietto la cerimonia che si suppone incominciata. FENELLA sorte dal luogo ove era stata condotta, e fa ogni sforzo per ispingere lo sguardo nell'interno del tempio.)

CORO

Accogli i voti—de' tuoi divoti,
E cogli incensi salgano al ciel.
(s'inginocchiano tutti.)

SELVA

Quale augusto spettacolo solenne!—
Verso l'altar la regal coppia avanza,
E fede ha negli sguardi, amor, speranza.

ELVIRA

Chains! what then, was her crime!

(FENELLA replies by action, that she has committed no crime; and calls on Heaven to attest her innocence.)

ELVIRA

What has induced this rigor?

(FENELLA expresses, in action, that love has been the cause of all her misfortunes.)

ELVIRA

Hapless victim!

I understand thee—love has touched thy heart.

What favor'd youth has troubled thus thy peace?

(FENELLA expresses by signs that she is ignorant, but that he swore he loved her,—that he pressed her to his heart; then, showing a Scarf which she wears, she gives the Princess to understand that she had received it of her lover.)

ELVIRA

Ah! that scarf! He gave it thee?—a love pledge?

(FENELLA sighs, and makes signs in the affirmative.)

ELVIRA

But tell me who it was that made thee seek these bowers?

(FENELLA points to SELVA, and signifies that it was he who had seized her, in spite of her tears and entreaties. She imitates the action of using a key, drawing bolts, fastening bars, etc.: signifies that she was plunged into a dungeon, where, sad and sorrowful, she offered up prayers for deliverance, when all at once an idea occurred to her of attempting to escape. Pointing to a window, she makes signs that she fastened her sheets to the bars, and by their means had safely descended to the ground,—that she thanked Heaven for her deliverance; but hearing the Sentinel give the alarm, and fearing he was about to fire, she hastily retreated; chance led her to the Gardens of the Palace, when, perceiving the Princess, and finding

herself pursued, she had thrown herself at her feet and implored protection.)

ELVIRA

What eloquent action—what grace—what beauty!

Dry thy sad tears, poor sufferer—dry thy tears:

I will protect thee. You shall tell the prince

Your cause of suffering—I'll interpret for you.

(FENELLA expresses her gratitude for the Princess's goodness)

Enter LORENZO from the Chapel.

ALFONZO

Great Princess, all is ready for your nuptials:

The bridal altar waits but for your presence.

(Music.—The Princess, with her attendants in bridal procession, enters the Chapel.—SELVA stations Soldiers at different places, to prevent the crowd advancing.)

CHORUS

All pow'rful love, thy choicest blessings pour

On the young hearts that now thy sway implore;

Dew life's bright flowers for them, But with joy's tears, unfading.

Still thro' length of happy years.

(The Populace press forward to obtain an entrance, and get a view of what is going on in the Chapel.—The ceremony has commenced.—FENELLA stands on her toes, and makes an effort to see, but is prevented by the crowd.—All go down on their knees—FENELLA also.)

Dew life's bright flowers for them, but with joy's tears Unfading, still through length of happy years.

SELVA

(Looking in at the Chapel.)

Best sight on earth—to Heaven revealing

The purity of mortal feeling—Beauty and youth in union kneeling.

(FENELLA, mentre tutti stanno in ginocchio, ha potuto vedere ciò che accade nel tempio; ed i suoi gesti esprimono la sorpresa ed il dolore; ma non prestando fede pienamente ai suoi sguardi, corre verso il peristilio.)

CORSO DI SOLDATI

Che chiedi tu?—Ritratti olà!
Se resti ancor—non v'ha pietà.
Non t'accostar—tremo per te;
Reca di quà—lontano il più.

(FENELLA, supplica i soldati di lasciarla inoltrare; trattasi del suo riposo e della sua felicità. Si dispera perché non può parlare e manifestar quindi ciò che tanto l'interessa.)

CORSO DI SOLDATI

Non t'accostar—tremo per te;
Reca di quà—lontano il più.

(FENELLA, raddoppia le sue istanze, e si torce le mani per la disperazione; è mestieri che si presenti al Principe; è desso la sua sposa; ad essa ha impegnata la sua fede. Vuol penetrare nel tempio per interrompere la cerimonia; in questo essa sente le prime parole del seguente Coro: getta un grido e cade sopra un sedile, immersa nella più grande desolazione.)

CORSO

Uniti son!—Qual gioja!
Qual giorno di contento!
A così lieto evento
Sorrise fausto il ciel.

SCENA V.

ALFONZO dando la mano ad ELVIRA esce dal tempio accompagnato dai Paggi, dai Signori e dalle Dame—LORENZO è con essi—I detti.

ELVIRA (vedendo FENELLA.)

Dai benefici io chieggio
Ch'abbia principio il dì;
E un'infelice io veggio
Che i giorni al duol sortì.

(Andando a prenderla e conducendola seco.)

Oh! vieni a me! rapita
La speme non sarà!—
(ad ALFONZO.)

Da un perfido avvilita
Più ben per lei non v'ha;
E contro un seduttore
Spergiuro e insiem crudel
Giustizia chiede il core
Di quest'afflitta—
(presentandogli FENELLA.)

ALFONZO (riconoscendola.)

Oh ciel!

ELVIRA

(Qual mai fatal mistero!
Un gel mi scende al cor.
Scoprir puonto il vero,
E fremo di terror.)

ALFONZO

(Funesto e rio mistero!
È lei ch'io veggio ancor!—
Che si palesi il vero
Paventa adesso il cor.)

SELVA E LORENZO

(Ah barbaro mistero!—
Qual gel mi scende al cor!)

CORSO

(Qual mai sarà il mistero
Cagion di tanto orror?)

ELVIRA

(Accostandosi a FENELLA dalla quale scostavasi.)

A un cor, gran Dio!—perduto,
Rendi la pace almen:
Costui t'è sconosciuto?—

(FENELLA risponde affermativamente.)

ALFONZO

(Qual duol m'opprime il sen.)

ELVIRA (a FENELLA.)

Prosegui!—

(FENELLA, continua ad esprimere co' suoi gesti; colui che mi ha ingannata, colui che mi ha dato questa sciarpà, colui che mi ha tradita.)

(FENELLA rises, looks into the Chapel while the people are on their knees, and by signs expresses her great surprise and grief at what she sees. She can scarcely believe her eyes, and attempts to enter the Chapel.)

CHORUS—of Soldiers.

Who's this young girl, that rudely dares
Intrude on Hymen's sacred cares?
Daring maid, hence, away!
Nor love's triumph thus destroy.

(FENELLA supplicates them to let her pass—she signifies that her peace and happiness depend on it. She is in despair at not being able to speak—to explain what interests her so deeply.)

CHORUS—of Soldiers.

Young girl, intrude not;
No longer tarry here.

CHORUS—of People.

Young girl, intrude not;
These ruthless soldiers fear.

(FENELLA renews her endeavors. She clasps her hands in despair,—determines at all hazards to see the Prince,—signifies that she ought to be the bride,—that it is to her that he has pledged his faith. She makes violent efforts to enter the Chapel and break off the ceremony.)

CHORUS

(of People, looking into the Chapel.) Oh, joy! oh, joy! they are united!

(FENELLA utters a cry, and falls on a seat in the greatest despair.)

SCENE V

The preceding: ALFONZO, giving his hand to ELVIRA, surrounded by all the Lords of the Court, etc.

ELVIRA (To ALFONZO.)

Dear Prince, I would that this auspicious day
Should by an act beneficent be signaliz'd.
My sight encounters here a hapless girl,
Who fain would have admission to your presence.

(Going to FENELLA, and taking her by the hand.)

Approach, poor girl.—her hand is cold and trembling.

(To ALFONZO).

Betrayed by a perfidious lover,
Against a false seducer's cruel perjury,
She comes to claim your pity and your justice.

ALFONZO (Recognizing FENELLA.)

Great Heavens!

ALFONZO

It is she, come to blight
All my hopes—my fond care!
Hide me, earth; shroud me, nigh't!
End my woes—my despair!

ELVIRA

What dark mystery would shroud
My heart's joy! Speak, I pray!
Fell suspicion, why cloud
The bright hope of this day!

CHORUS

What stranger comes to gloom—
What mean these sounds of strife?
Can love, then, find a tomb
The hour that gives him life?

ELVIRA (Advancing to FENELLA.)

Restore my bosom's peace, that now
has fled:
Alfonzo, speak! speak! is he known
to you?

(FENELLA makes signs in the affirmative.)

ALFONZO (Aside.)

Regret, remorse, alike tear, wound my heart!

ELVIRA (To FENELLA.)

Complete my misery!—I but forebode too well.

(FENELLA proceeds, and signifies, by action that he who deceived her—that he who gave her the scarf—that he who betrayed her—)

ELVIRA

Ebbene?—
Il traditor?—

(FENELLA accenna colla mano
ALFONZO.)

ELVIRA

Egli è!!—
Palese è omay l'arcano,
È certo il mio dolor;
Ogni sperar è vano—
Al duol nasceva il cor!

ALFONZO (*ad ELVIRA.*)

Si, apprendi il grave arcano:
Io sono il traditor.
Chiesi calmar, ma invano,
Le smanie del mio cor.

GLI ALTRI

(Così funesto arcano
Cagion è di terror!
Il dubitarne è vano:
Ei stesso è il traditor.)

(FENELLA, guarda con aria desolata
ALFONZO ed ELVIRA, e fugge attraverso la folla, che le dà libero il
passo.)

CORO DI SOLDATI

Punita sia l'audace
Di sua temerità.

ELVIRA

Restate—arcor capace
Ho il core di pietà—

ALFONZO

(Per me non v'ha più pace,
Non v'ha per me pietà—)

GLI ALTRI

(ai soldati.)

Restate: il cor non tace:
Parla al suo cor pietà—

(Il disordine è succeduto alla festa.
Tutto è tumulto, e tutti si allontanano confusamente.)

FINE DELL'ATTO PRIMO

ELVIRA

No more! His name?—who is the traitor?

(FENELLA *points out* ALFONZO)

ELVIRA

Ah, Alfonzo!

ALFONZO

Vain is concealment now!
Oh! fate too dark to bear—
I have betrayed my vow.
Hide me earth, for all's despair!

ELVIRA

How, in a fleeting hour,
Are all our hopes o'erthrown?
Ah, love! no more thy power
My bosom now must own!

CHORUS (*Omnés*)

The mystery is unveil'd—
Vain is concealment now!
Tis, then, for this young stranger
He has betray'd his vow!

CHORUS (*of Soldiers, pointing to Fenella.*)

Strike, friends! her daring punish;
Let not her tears disarm.

ELVIRA

Nay, spare her: I have pardon'd—
Let her go free from harm.

(FENELLA *casts a wild despairing glance on ELVIRA and ALFONZO, and precipitately makes her escape, the People opening a passage for her. She is seen disappearing through the Corridor at the back.*)

CHORUS (*of Soldiers.*)

Away! away! her steps pursue,—
Let not her tears disarm.

ELVIRA and the People.

Nay, spare her: I have pardon'd!
Let her go free from harm.

ALFONZO

Oh! hide me, earth! (love's traitor:) For me Heaven has no balm.

END OF ACT I.

ATTO II.

SCENA I.

Sito pittoresco nelle vicinanze di Portici. Alcuni Pescatori sono intesi a preparare le loro reti, altri a disporre i propri battelli, e certuni stanno giuocando fra loro—BORELLA e con essi—In fine MASANIELLO.

BORELLA E PESCATORI

Amici: è sorto il sole;
Si torni a lavorar!
Più lieto che nol suole,
Si vide il dì spuntar.

Masaniello qui vien!—che mai lo turba?—

(a BORELLA.)
E donde il suo dolor?

BORELLA

Dall'esser schiavo—
Mio Masaniello, addio.

MASANIELLO

Compagni, addio.

BORELLA

A rallegrar me vien co' canti tuoi.

MASANIELLO

(Nè giunge Pietro ancor!)

BORELLA

Deh! ti serena.
Tu ben sai qual impero
Abbian sul nostro cor le tue canzoni:
D'uopo abbiam di coraggio e tu l'inspiri.

MASANIELLO

Ebben: del pescatore
Vi dirò la canzon,
Comprenda bene ognun gli arcani detti.

CORO, MASANIELLO

Amici, più bello sorse il giorno
Accorra ognuno in riva al mar.
E tutti lieti sul picciol legno
De' venti l'ira saprem sfidar.
Vogar tu dei con cauto ardor.
Gettiam le reti senza rumor,
Silenzio, o pescator.
Il re de' mari non può fuggir.

CORO

Vogar dobbiam—con cauto ardir,
Silenzio, o pescator.

MASANIELLO

L'ora verrà—chi è cauto attende,
Saprem più tardi—il punto cōr
Sempre il coraggio—grand'opre im-
prende,
Ma poi l'astuzia—vince il valor.
Vogar tu dei, etc.

CORO

Vogar dobbiam, etc.

(Il Coro ripete; poi vedesi da un'altu-
ra discendere PIETRO.)

SCENA II.

PIETRO e detti.

MASANIELLO

Ma Pietro io veggo!—qual novella
udrò?

(MASANIELLO, mentre i Pescatori si allontanano tornando alle loro oc-
cupazioni.)

Nessun gli apprese la sciagura mia,
Io solo l'affidai
Al più tenero amico.
Parla, di mia sorella,
Il destino sai tu?

PIETRO

Di Fenella la sorte
È tutt'ora un mistero
De' suoi passi la traccia invan cercai
Senz'altro è un rapitor.

MASANIELLO

Oh rabbia! ed io,
Io, suo fratel, non la potei salvar.
Ma di tali misfatti l'empio avrà
I guiderdon che aspetta.

PIETRO

E sperai tu?

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Theatre represents a Picturesque View in the Environs of Naples; at the back, the Sea.—Fishermen discovered; some employed in preparing their nets and boats; others are differently occupied.

MASANIELLO, BORELLA, and Fishermen.

BORELLA AND FISHERMEN

See, comrades, see, how brilliantly the sun is shining!
He for labour lights a golden way.
Let us then, before in eve his beams declining,
Reap the gains that all our toils repay.

FISHERMAN.

Masaniello comes! What means that gloom?
What thus afflicts him?

BORELLA

What?—our slavery.
(To MASANIELLO.)
Hail, chief!

MASANIELLO

I thank thee, comrades. Hail to thee!

BORELLA

You are well come, to join our sports
—our songs.

MASANIELLO (*Aside.*)

Pietro comes not back!

BORELLA

Banish that gloom.
To hear thee join our songs will give us heart:
And, as you know, we but too much need courage.

MASANIELLO

'Tis well, friends: hear the fisherman's refrain,
And mark well what it says—there's wisdom in it.

CHORUS

Silence! and hear the fisherman's refrain.

CHORUS. MASANIELLO

Eh! behold, the morn is breaking;
Make ready, quick unfurl the sails;
The fear of danger all forsaking,
The threat'ning tempest naught avails.
Now, now, put off; but not too fast—

Look, look, before your nets you cast—

Hush, hush, softly speak!

We soon shall catch the prey we seek.

CHORUS

Yes, still we will our nets in silence cast,
And still the monarch of the waves at last!

MASANIELLO

The hour is come, our prey is sleeping—

Let's seize the chance, nor fate delay;
Yet, while our course with courage keeping,

Let prudence point us out the way.

Yes, still our course we'll make with care.

Speak low! speak low!

We'll cautious hide the fatal snare,
As on we go.

CHORUS

Yes, still we will our nets in silence cast,
And strike the monarch of the waves at last!

SCENE II.

The preceding, and PIETRO.

MASANIELLO

Pietro comes!—Heavens, what will be his tidings.

(MASANIELLO takes PIETRO aside, and leads him to the front of the Stage.
—Fishermen return to their occupations in the back-ground.)

No one is here acquainted with my misery:

I've but confided that to you, best friend.

Speak! have you learn'd my hapless sister's fate?

PIETRO

Fenella's fate is still obscured in mystery:

Vainly have I essayed to trace her steps.

Doubtless, some wretch—

MASANIELLO

Oh, rage! and I her brother,
And cannot rescue her!—But such attempts

Will in the end meet with their just deserts.

PIETRO

What then remains to thee?

MASANIELLO

Vendetta!
 Sarà il morir men viltade e sof-
 frenza.
 Ha forse un schiavo alcun danno a
 temer?
 Si franga il giogo che ancor m'op-
 prime
 Di nostre man perisca lo stranier.
 Mi seguirai?

PIETRO

Omai sempre fedel seguirti vo—
 A morir.

MASANIELLO

Alla gloria.

PIETRO

Uniti ognor una tomba un destin.

MASANIELLO

Si, un destin, una stessa vittoria.

PIETRO

Si, si, partiamo, io seguirti saprò.

MASANIELLO E PIETRO

Sarà il morir men viltade e sof-
 frenza.
 Ha forse uno schiavo altro danno a
 temer?
 Si franga il giogo che tuttor ne op-
 prime
 Di nostre man perisca lo stranier.
 O santo ardor di patrio amor
 Nostr'alma accendi, audace fa
 Al patrio suol dobbiam la vita,
 Avrà da noi la libertà.

PIETRO

Oh infame poter che n'oppri me!

MASANIELLO

Pensa a mia suora che un empio
 rapi—

PIETRO

D'un seduttore saria.
 La vittima forse?

MASANIELLO

Qualunque ei sia la morte sua giurai.

MASANIELLO E PIETRO

Sarà il morir men viltade e sof-
 frenza.

Ha forse uno schiavo alcun danno a
 temer?

Si franga il giogo che tuttor ne op-
 prime

Di nostre man perisca lo stranier.

O santo ardor di patrio amor

Nostr'alma accendi, audace fa

Al patrio suol dobbiam la vita,

Avrà da noi la libertà.

(In questo momento comparisce FENELLA in cima agli scogli; guarda il mare, ne misura collo sguardo la profondità, e sembra disposta a precipitarvisi.)

MASANIELLO

Che veggo?—mia sorella!—È dessa
 —è dessa!—

(A queste parole FENELLA si volge,
 vede il fratello e discende rapidamente dagli scogli.)

(a PIETRO.)

Udia le preci il ciel d'un'alma op-
 pressa.

SCENA III.

FENELLA e detti.

(FENELLA è discesa ed è fra le braccia
 di suo fratello.)

MASANIELLO

(Al colmo della gioja.)

Non credo ancor a' sensi miei rapiti!
 Sei pur tu, sei pur tu ch'io stringo
 al seno?—

Qual segreta cagione a me ti tolse?

(FENELLA esprime che lo dirà, ma solamente a lui. MASANIELLO accenna supplichevolmente a PIETRO di ritirarsi, ciò che egli fa silenziosamente.)

SCENA IV.

MASANIELLO E FENELLA.

MASANIELLO

Or ben, eccoci soli—

(FENELLA gli manifesta la sua disperazione, e gli confessa che la sua prima intenzione era quella di precipitarsi nel mare, e di terminarvi la sua esistenza.)

MASANIELLO

Attentare ai tuoi giorni?—Oh ciel?

MASANIELLO

What, friend, but vengeance!
To slaves like us can there be any
danger?
Far better die than misery's cup thus
drain;—
We of our galling yoke will break the
chain,
And crush, beneath our righteous
blows, the stranger!
Oh! sacred love of country, fallen and
low,
Inspire our hearts to dare and die for
thee:
Tis to our country that our lives we
owe,
And from her sons she claims her
liberty.
You'll follow, then?

PIETRO

I'm to your footsteps bound—
I'll follow thee to death!

MASANIELLO

Nay, say to glory!

PIETRO

In the same dangers we'll be partners
found—

MASANIELLO

In the same triumphs—theme of fut-
ure story!

TOGETHER

To slaves like us can there be any dan-
ger?
Far better die than misery's cup thus
drain:—
We of our galling yoke will break the
chain,
And crush, beneath our righteous
blows, the stranger!

MASANIELLO

Think of our wrongs, of the oppres-
sor's toils—

Think of my sister, torn from my fond
care—

PIETRO

Victim, perhaps, of some seducer's
wiles.

MASANIELLO

Whoe'er he be, the traitor's death I
swear!

MASANIELLO and PIETRO.

To slaves like us can there be any
danger?

Far better die than misery's cup thus
drain;—

We of our galling yoke will break the
chain,
And crush, beneath our righteous
blows, the stranger!
Oh! sacred love of country, fallen and
low,
Inspire our hearts to dare and die for
thee!
'Tis to our country that our lives we
owe,
And from her sons she claims her
liberty.

(At this moment FENELLA appears on
the top of the rocks in the back-
ground. She is gazing on the sea
and the depth below;—she seems
about to precipitate herself into the
waves.)

MASANIELLO

Ha! Fenella, my sister, in these
haunts!

(At these words FENELLA turns her
head, perceives her brother, and
hastily descends the rock.)

MASANIELLO

Heaven hears our prayers, and gives
her to our wishes!

SCENE III.

The preceding, and FENELLA.

(FENELLA has descended, and throws
herself into her brother's arms.)

MASANIELLO

Scarcely can I believe my happiness.
Press I, indeed, my sister to my
heart!

What chance so long has caused our
separation?

(FENELLA signifies that she will tell
him, but it must be when they are
alone.—PIETRO retires.)

SCENE IV.

MASANIELLO and FENELLA.

MASANIELLO

Now, then, we are alone.

(FENELLA expresses to him her des-
pair; and that it was at first her
intention to have thrown herself in-
to the Sea, to put an end to her
existence.)

MASANIELLO

Attempt thy life!
Great Heaven!

(FENELLA *ma che però non ha voluto morire senza prima vederlo, abbracciarlo e ricevere il suo perdono.*)

MASANIELLO

Fenella!!
Il mio perdono?

(FENELLA *gli fa intendere, che non merita più la di lui tenerezza; gli dipinge i suoi rimorsi—si è data ad un perfido—*)

MASANIELLO

Un seduttore?—Ch'ei tema
Il mio furor—

(FENELLA *gli esprime che doveva sposarla, che lo aveva giurato in faccia al cielo, che essa prestò fede al giuramento.*)

MASANIELLO

Chi è desso il vil?

(FENELLA *risponde di non voler farlo conoscere. In onta al suo tradimento essa lo ama ancora; e soggiunge che per sposarlo egli è di un rango troppo elevato.*)

MASANIELLO

Qualunque
Il suo rango pur fosse, dispensarsi
Di mantener potrebbe i giuri suoi?
Sorella!—io vo' conoscerlo!—

(FENELLA *gli risponde esser inutile; che non vi è più speranza; che in quel giorno medesimo un'altra fu condotta da lui all'ara delle nozze.*)

MASANIELLO

L'infame!
Io punirò malgrado tuo quell'empio!
Questo giorno mi torni o no fatale,
Giova il popolo armar—dare il segnale.

(FENELLA *cerca inutilmente di calmare suo fratello e trattenerlo perché non chiami i compagni.*)

SCENA V.

BORELLA, Pescatori e detti.

MASANIELLO

Venite, amici, omai
V'unite al mio furor;
Contro i nemici nostri
C'uniam con sacro ardor.
Di quei tiranni ognun
Ragion vuol d'un'offesa,
Ed io più assai d'ogn'altro
Corriamo alla vendetta—

CORO E BORELLA

Fratelli siam: disponi—
Desia ciascun seguirti!
Siam pronti ad obbedirti,
Ed a morir con te.

TUTTI

Non trovi l'oppressore,
Nè scampo, nè mercè—

(In questo momento le donne ed i fanciulli entrano in scena: ad un cenno di MASANIELLO, FENELLA si unisce alle compagne.)

MASANIELLO

Silenzio!—ognun s'appresti
A espeller lo stranier;
E perchè ascoso resti
Sì grande e bel pensier—
Cantiam con lieto core,
Cantiamo in libertà;
Sen va col tempo amore,
Ed il piacer sen va.

SCENA VI.

PIETRO e detti.

MASANIELLO

Che rechi tu?

(FENELLA explains she would not wish to die till she had seen, embraced him, and received his pardon.)

MASANIELLO

My pardon, sister! and for what!

(FENELLA makes him understand she does not deserve his tenderness. She expresses her remorse that she has bestowed her love upon an ingrate.)

MASANIELLO

Heavens, seducer!—let him dread my fury!

Nothing shall shield him from my vengeance!

(FENELLA makes signs that he ought to have been her husband, that he had sworn to be so, and that she had believed him.)

MASANIELLO

The craven recreant!—perhaps a Spaniard?

(FENELLA answers he is, but will not say who he is; for, notwithstanding his crime, she still loves him—that he is of too elevated a rank to marry her.)

MASANIELLO

That matters not: he still shall keep his oath.

Fenella, I must—will know who he is.

(FENELLA answers there is no longer hope—that he is united to another.)

MASANIELLO

'Tis well, girl! still I'll punish the base traitor.

Yes, this day shall prove to him a fatal one;—

The people shall be armed! The signal given,

In vain you'd calm the fury that inspires me:

I'll find the way, despite of thee, to trace him.

(FENELLA vainly tries to calm her Brother, who, seizing a favorable moment, hastens to call his Companions.)

SCENE V.

MASANIELLO, BORELLA, and Fishermen

MASANIELLO

(Calling his Companions.)
Here, here, my friends, partake my transports—
Against our tyrants let us unite our efforts;—
This hated Viceroy doubles all our misery:
Another tax laid on the fruits of labor;
To see us toil, ever his greatest pleasure.

BORELLA
And no voice speaks!

MASANIELLO

'Twere cowardice to murmur!

BORELLA
But will they arm, who scorn thus to complain?

MASANIELLO

They will dare all, who've everything to fear!
It is our tryants' turn to tremble now!
All of some cruel wrong have to complain,
But I, friends, more than all!—On, then, to vengeance!

CHORUS

To vengeance, in secrecy stealing,
No fear our hearts shall control!

(Women and Children enter, on a signal from MASANIELLO.—FENELLA joins her Companions.)

MASANIELLO

(Aside to BORELLA and Companions.)
We from our children and these timid women

Must hide our secret with a barcarole.
But still our just purpose concealing,
We'll gaily chant the Barcarole!
And you, my dear Borella, trusty comrade,

With cautious eye, meanwhile, watch o'er this haunt.

SCENE VI.

The preceding, and PIETRO.

MASANIELLO (to PIETRO.)

What would you?

PIETRO

(Piano a MASANIELLO.)

S'avanza
Un'orda a noi d'armati;
Or tutti vendicati
Esser potremo alfin.

BORELLA

Ecco; il tamburo annunzia
Lo stuolo a noi vicin.
Col sangue il loro scempio
Fu scritto dal destin.

MASANIELLO

Nessun timor—di gloria
L'istante è già vicin.

TUTTI

Cantiam con lieto core,
Cantiamo in libertà;
Sen va col tempo amore,
Ed il piacer sen va.

MASANIELLO

(Cautamente ad alcuni compagni.)

Tra i frutti e tra le reti

L'armi celiam fidenti!

PIETRO

(ad altri.)

Per farne omai redenti
Il ciel ne assisterà.

MASANIELLO

D'allarme al primo grido
Piombate sull'infido,
Nè più ci opprimerà.

PIETRO E BORELLA

D'allarme al primo grido
Presto ciascun sarà—

DONNE

Sen va col tempo amore,
Ed il piacer sen va.

UOMINI

Ardir, vigor, amici!
Il vile in fuga andrà—

(partano.)

FINE DELL'ATTO SECONDO.

PIETRO

(*In a low voice.*)
 A numerous band of soldiery approach.
 To Naples they would wish to bar our passage.

BORELLA

Yes, yes; those martial sounds announce they come:
 Already do I hear their distant drums.

MASANIELLO

Fear nothing, comrades,—we'll deceive their vigilance:
 Let us repeat the fishers' blithe refrain.

CHORUS

To Naples, then, merrily dancing,
 We'll gaily chant the barcarole!

MASANIELLO

(*In a low voice, to BORELLA.*)
 Let's hide our daggers, comrades,
 'mong the nets.

PIETRO

(*The same, to the others.*)
 Let each man hide his arms among the fruit.

MASANIELLO

(*The same.*)
 Prepare to rise when sounds the first alarm!
 Be ready at the signal, to the death!

CHORUS (*In low voices.*)

To Naples! to Naples! when sound war's alarms,
 To conquer or perish, we'll each rush to arms!

(*While this passes, in an undertone the young Girls take up the Chorus.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ATTO III.

SCENA I.

Appartamento nel Palazzo del DUCA d'ARCOS.

ELVIRA

Ah! s'egli più non m'ama,
S'ei, dimentico, o ciel, dell'amor mio
Mi lasciasse al dolor!
Tu squarcia il denso velo
E del mio duol abbi pietade, o cielo!
Il pianto rasciuga
Il duolo raffrena,
Ammorra la pena
D'un misero cuor
Ti chiedo lo sposo
Quell'alma che adoro,
Perchè il mio tesoro,
A me vuoi negar?
Ti chiedo quell'alma,
Lo brama il mio cor.
Sposo adorabile,
Tenero oggetto
Che tanto all'anima
Mi destà affetto,
Deh concedetemi
Di respirar.
Si può resistere
A mille pene,
Ma tanto giubilo,
Ma tanto bene,
Non è possibile
Di sopportar.

Entra ALFONZO e poi SELVA.

ELVIRA

Sul destino vegliar degg'io di quella
Giovane sventurata!
Or dà tu cenno, Alfonzo,
Perchè tosto condotta a me ne
venga.

ALFONZO

Appagati saranno i voti tuoi.

(ALFONZO si arresta: SELVA mostra aver inteso di chi voglia parlare.)
Movete, Selva, in traccia di colei—
Quindi ad Elvira mia
Tosto condotta sia.

(ALFONZO parte con ELVIRA da un lato SELVA e gli Armigeri dall'altro.)

SCENA II.

Piazza del Mercato.

Si vedono giungere diverse ragazze recando cestelli di fiori e frutta—vari pescatori portando pesci ed altre derrate.

Il Mercato comincia.

Molti abitanti seguiti dai loro subalterni attraversano i viali del mercato, contrattano e comprano. FENELLA, e le sue Compagne si pongono sul davanti della scena coi loro cestelli di frutta.—FENELLA trista e pensierosa non dà mente a quanto accade d'intorno a lei; e solamente di quando in quando si alza per vedere se comparisce suo fratello, o qualche persona della Corte.

CORO

Aperto è già il mercato:
Signori, andiam, venite!
Il pesce a buon mercato,
A buon mercato i fior!
Limoni, amandole, uva,
Aranci, maccheroni,
Rosolio, vini buoni.

TUTTI

Andiam—mi faccia onor!—
Da me, chi vuol comprare!—
Da me! Da me, Signor!

(*Alcune ragazze ballano la Tarantella.*)

SCENA III.

SELVA, con Armigeri del fondo e detti.

(FENELLA vede SELVA: lo guarda dapprima con curiosità: ma riconoscendolo, fa un gesto di spavento, torna

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Room in the Palace of the DUKE OF ARCOS.

ELVIRA

Should he no longer love me,
Should he forget, O heaven! our first
affection,
And leave me to despair;
Ah! could I learn the truth!
O heaven! have compassion on my
sorrows.

Dry up my tears,
My griefs assuage,
The pangs relieve,
Of my torn heart.

I ask the affection
Of my loved husband,
Canst thou refuse
To hear those prayers?
Ah! let him not
Our love forget.

My husband dear,
My only care
For whom alone
My heart does breathe,
Come and dispel
The doubts I feel.

I could endure
A thousand pains;
But so much joy,
But so much bliss,
It is, indeed,
Too much to bear.

Enter ALFONZO; then SELVA.

ELVIRA

Well, but this young unfortunate,
Her destiny should be my care.—
Her sovereign should console her
fate,—
Give orders that she here repair.

ALFONZO

Your wish, love, shall be gratified.

(*To SELVA, who enters.*)

Quick, Selva! seek the fugitive—
Your prisoner late—and orders give
She here attend my lovely bride.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

SCENE II.

The scene changes, and the stage represents the Grand Market place at Naples.—Young girls enter, dancing, bearing baskets of flowers and fruit upon their heads.—Fishermen and Peasants enter, carrying their different wares. The Market opens: the flowers and fruit are placed on stands on each side of the stage.

FENELLA, young Girls, Fishermen, Villagers, and Inhabitants of Naples, enter.—While the young Girls and their Partners are dancing, the Inhabitants of Naples, followed by Attendants or Porters, pass up and down the different walks of the Market, making purchases.—Some Lazarones, who have received money as alms, or baskets of fruit to carry away for purchasers, express their joy, and join the Dancers.—It is during this time that FENELLA has entered with her Companions, the same as seen in Act II.—They place themselves in front of the stage, having their baskets before them.—FENELLA appears pensive and abstracted, and takes no part in what is going on around her; she from time to time rises, in expectation of seeing her Brother, or some one from Court, enter.

THE MARKET CHORUS

The market's open, now's your
time;
All nature's choicest stores are
here;
The rarities of ev'ry clime,
Fish, fruit, and flow'rs
Your hearts to cheer.

CHORUS

Signors, Signoras, come and buy,
You every thing may have for gold;
Rosalia grapes, in welcome try
No riper yet were ever sold.

SCENE III.

The preceding: SELVA and Soldiers enter, and search about the Market.

(FENELLA sees SELVA.—Deceived by his uniform, she at first looks at him with curiosity, but recognizing him,

a sedere e fa ogni sforzo per nascondersi a lui. SELVA percorre i vari gruppi di ragazze, e le guarda con attenzione tutte: giunto vicino a FENELLA fa un gesto di sorpresa.)

SELVA

No; non m'inganno—è lei—
Fenella!—A me, compagni!—
Seguite i passi miei.

(*A FENELLA che si alza spaventata, e corre a ripararsi fra le sue compagne, supplicandole con i gesti di volerla proteggere.*)

CORO

Oh ciel!—di lei pietà.
Da questa infame gente
Chi mai, chi la dolente
Salvata oh Dio! farà?

SELVA e Armigeri

Di mormorar cessate,
O mal vi coglierà.
(*SELVA e gli Armigeri, stanno per condur via FENELLA, della quale giunsero ad impadronirsi, e quando sono pervenuti in mezzo al mercato s'incontrano in MASANIELLO.*)

SCENA IV.

MASANIELLO, PIETRO, BORELLA,
Pescatori, e detti.

MASANIELLO

Perchè costei vien trattata?

SELVA

Ritratti!—

MASANIELLO

È mia sorella!

SELVA

Tornar a lui con quella!
Comanda il Vicerè.

MASANIELLO

Temi dell'ira ond'ardo!—

(*Brandendo un pugnale.*)

SELVA

Si tolga a quel codardo
Il ferro ond'ei s'armò!

MASANIELLO

Venite a me, fratelli—
O per costor morrò!

(*Tutti i pescatori s'alzano ad un tratto, e brandendo le loro armi circondano SELVA e gli Armigeri, che disarmati, si danno a rapida fuga.*)

CORO

Segnal è di vendetta
Qual grido che innalzò!
Corriam!—quell'empia setta,
Più scampo aver non può.

(*Tutti stanno per partire: MASANIELLO gli arresta.*)

MASANIELLO

Invochiam del Signore,
Il favor tutelare,
Genuflessi o guerrieri,
Il ciel ne guiderà: Lo sdegno suo
Scorta al furor sarà.

(*Tutti si prostrano.*)

TUTTI

Nume del ciel! tu veglia a' figli
nostri,
Tu che lo specchio sei d'ogni bontà;
Se degli oppressi protettor ti mostri,
Fa che sorga il vessil di libertà.

Pietade, o cielo:
Pietà di noi;
E tu che il puoi,
Ne reggi tu.

(*S'alzano tutti.*)

Il sol della vendetta
Alfin per noi spuntò!—
Corriam!—quell'empia setta,
Più scampo aver non può.

(*Corrono colle armi come presi da novello vigore.*)

FINE DELL'ATTO TERZO.

she expresses error, reseats herself, and tries to conceal her face.—During the time the dancing is going on SELVA passes the different groups of young Girls, and examines them attentively; arriving where FENELLA is seated, he makes a motion of recognition.)

SELVA

No, I am not deceived—my eyes are true:
'Tis indeed she—Fenella! This way, soldiers!
Seize that young girl, and let her instant follow.

(FENELLA hastily rises, overpowered by fright.—She runs to her companions, and by gestures implores their protection.)

CHORUS—*of Women*

Great heavens! they'd make a prisoner of her!
Say, what has she done?

SELVA (*to Soldiers.*)

Lead her at once away!

(*Soldiers seize FENELLA.*)

(SELVA and Soldiers are about to carry off FENELLA, when MASANIELLO, PIETRO, and Fishermen, appear in the middle of the Market-place.)

SCENE IV.

The preceding.—MASANIELLO and Fishermen.

MASANIELLO

Where wouldest thou take her?

SELVA

What is that to thee?

MASANIELLO

She is my sister!

SELVA

Rebel! hence, away!
Know 'tis thy monarch's orders—
slave, obey!

MASANIELLO (*Drawing his dagger.*)
Ah! dread my rage!—Instantly set her free!

SELVA (*Beckoning to a Soldier.*)
Ah! armed!—Quick, wrest that steel from the transgressor!

MASANIELLO

Rise, rise, companions! rise 'gainst the oppressor!

(Peasants, etc., who have been seated, rise and draw their several weapons; and, in an instant, SELVA and the Soldiers are surrounded and disarmed.)

CHORUS

Let's rush on to vengeance,
With fire and with sword!
Our courage shall right us,
For freedom's the word!

(All furiously brandish their arms, and are about to go off.)

MASANIELLO (*Stopping them.*)

Invoke we the Most High, to aid, protect us!
Kneel, warriors, kneel!—kneel, sacred band of brothers!
The righteous Power that watches o'er our actions
Will, in the battle, combat for the guiltless!

(People kneel.)

CHORUS

O, blessed saint, whose Holy image guards us,
Protect our wives and children still from harm!
Thou, who with strength and courage can reward us,
Sustaining still the hapless lab'rer's arm,—
Thou, who see'st all,
Here low we kneel;
Be with us, saint,
Protect us still.
Let's rush on to vengeance,
With fire and with sword!
Our courage shall right us,
For freedom's the word!

END OF ACT III.

ATT O I V.

SCENA I.

Capanna di MASANIELLO, il fondo è chiuso da una vela di bastimento.

MASANIELLO (*solo.*)

Atroce vista! Oh giorno di spavento!
Qual d'innocenti è fatta strage—Oh Dio!
Nè ritrarli dal sangue—ah! non poss'io—
Non so quale mi scende
Fatal rimorso al core—
Deh!—non negarmi, o cielo—il tuo favore.
Dio! di me disponesti
A sì crudel impresa,
Perchè tu non mi desti
Pari all'ufficio il cor?
De' tuoi decreti orrendi,
De! tempra, o ciel, l'asprezza;
E se nol vuoi—m'accendi
Tu stesso di furor—
Oh no!—di me ti prenda
Pietà, pietà di lor.
Pei fratelli il mio core oppresso
geme!—
Dal loro sdegno il Vicerè inseguìto,
Fra le mura or si sta di Castel Nuovo—
E d'un assalto, a compir l'opra, è duopo.

SCENA II.

FENELLA abbattuta, vacillante e detto.

MASANIELLO

Che veggo mai?—Fenella—oh! qual pallore!—
Se l'oltraggio per noi non stette insulto,—
Onde il dolor che sul sembiante hai sculto?

(FENELLA gli dipinge il disordine della città.)

MASANIELLO

Invan l'eccidio, o suora,
Di mitigar io chiesi.

(FENELLA gli descrive coi gesti gli orrori ai quali la città è abbandonata; il saccheggio, la strage, l'incendio.)

MASANIELLO

Sì dalle fiamme è la città distrutta;
Il figlio dalla madre è trucidato;
Il fratel dal fratel cade svenato—
Oimè!—pur troppo!—questi orrori vid'io—
Ma tu lo sai, che paro è il braccio mio—
Deh! sgombra or che sei meco il tuo spavento,
E chiudi al sonno gli occhi lagrimosi:
Io, su te veglierò mentre riposi.

(FENELLA esprimendogli che non può reggere altriamenti alla stanchezza, si corica sulla stuoa.)

MASANIELLO

Del miser sol—amico fido
Deh scendi al mio pregar.
Scendi, o sonno dal ciel,
E del suo cor
L'angoscia ormai consola.
Un sogno soave—rasciughi il pianto
Che frange il mio cor,
Un sogno il più felice
Calmi il dolor
E il tristo lagrimar
Che l'ange accor.

(FENELLA dorme.)

Deh scendi tu—pietoso oblio,
Dolce ristoro al stanco ciglio da,
E del suo cor
L'angoscia ormai consola.
Ma viene alcun! È Pietro!

SCENA III.

PIETRO, Pescatori, e detti.

MASANIELLO

A che venite?

PIETRO

Lo stuol de' nostri, a te, capo, ne affretta.

MASANIELLO

E che vuole da me?

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Scene represents the Interior of MASANIELLO's Cottage.—The back is closed in with a sail.—On the right, a chair and table: on the left, a seat, which serves for MASANIELLO's bed.

MASANIELLO (*alone.*)

Oh, day of horror! Oh, what shame,
what crimes!
The furious people would make all
their victims.
Cowards! they tamely slumbered in
their fetters:
I said, awake! be free! I gave them
liberty,
When they with blood became in-
toxicated!
My triumph did but turn the slaves
to tyrants.

AIR

O God, thou that hast destin'd me,—
Hath made the ensanguined office
mine
To consummate thy wrath divine,—
Great heavens! why have I not from
thee
Their stern revenge? Thine ear in-
cline!
Canst thou not wave in part thy
righteous will?
If I these ruthless tigers fail to tame,
Oh, let their cruelty my bosom fill,
Or grant sweet pity may their mercy
claim!

SCENE II.

MASANIELLO: FENELLA, *dejected and with faltering step.*

MASANIELLO

What do I see? Fenella! ah! that
paleness!
We dearly have avenged your
wrongs, my sister.
What is it, then, can thus excite
your grief?

(FENELLA pictures to him the dis-
ordered state of Naples.)

MASANIELLO

Alas! I vainly sought to stay the
carnage.

(FENELLA expresses by signs the hor-
rors to which the town is given up
—pillage, murder, fire.)

MASANIELLO

Yes! fire consumes the proudest
palaces,—
Infants are slaughtered on their
mothers' breasts,—
Brother 'gainst brother madly stands
in arms:
By crime they punish crime—dread
retribution!
But well thou know'st I am not
guilty, sister.
Come to my arms—dispel thy use-
less terror.

(FENELLA makes signs that she is
overpowered by fatigue.)

MASANIELLO

Ah! faint, fatigued, o'erpowered.
My hapless sister!
Rest here in peace—I will watch
over thee.
Sweet sleep, kind friend thou of the
poor,
Come at my voice, I thee implore;
Sweet sleep, sweet sleep, descend
thou from above,
And calm to rest her bosom's sighs!
Some happy dream soon may she
prove,
To dry the tears that blind, that
blind her eyes.

(FENELLA throws herself on the couch
to the left, and sleeps.)

A happy slumber calms to rest her
woes;—
But some one comes.

SCENE III.

*The preceding—PIETRO, and
Fishermen.*

MASANIELLO

Pietro—ah! what wouldest thou?

PIETRO

We come, deputed by our comrades.

MASANIELLO

'Tis well! what would my people?

PIETRO

Sangue e vendetta.

CORO

Non più tiranni!—l'onor ti stringe;
Non più servaggio!—t'impegna
onor!

MASANIELLO

Cessate!—A nuovi eccessi
Perchè volar voi stessi?
Tanto furor perchè?

PIETRO

Del Duca d'Arco il figlio,
Al nostro acciar si tolse—
Poc'anzi in fuga ei volse—
Ma rinvenir si de'.
Di lui domandan tutti
La vita e l'oro a te.

(Durante il primo Coro, FENELLA, si è destata, ed essendosi posta in ascolto, a questa feroce domanda esprime il più vivo dolore.)

MASANIELLO

Dunque un'avara sete
Fa ognun crudele ed empio?
Cessi l'orribil scempio,
A voi non basta ancora
Discacciare i tiranni
Che trucidarli or fora.
Al vostro cor deh! parli
Pei miseri pietà.

PIETRO E CORO

Non più tiranni!—l'onor ti stringe;
Non più servaggio!—t'impegna
onor.

MASANIELLO

Udite: ah! troppo sangue
Si sparse oggi da noi!—
Pel misero che langue
Vi parli al cor pietà.

PIETRO

Nessun dall'ira nostra,
Nessun scampar potrà.

MASANIELLO

Fenella è là—cessate!

(FENELLA sino a questo punto si è interessata alla scena: ora che MASANIELLO parla di lei finge di dormire profondamente.)

PIETRO

Ella riposa—

MASANIELLO

Udirvi,
Se destasi, potrà.

PIETRO

Ebbene entriam; ci segui—
È un vil chi avrà pietà.

CORO

Non più servaggio!—t'impegna onor.
(Entrano nell'interno della capanna.)

SCENA IV.

FENELLA sola.

Essa ha tutto inteso e ne freme: l'agitan mille sentimenti confusi; il pericolo d'ALFONZO la ricordanza del suo tradimento—in questo odesi bussare alla porta della capanna. FENELLA si spaventa, esita—bussano nuovamente, e si decide ad aprire.

SCENA V.

ALFONZO avviluppato in un gran mantello, ed ELVIRA coperta da un velo nero, entrano spassati.—Detta.

(FENELLA riconosce ALFONZO e si nasconde il volto fra le mani.)

ALFONZO

Oh! qualunque voi siate,
La mia prece accogliete,
E a morte ne scampate.— Oimè! che veggio!
Fenella! Oh! mio terrore!
Un gel mi scende al core!—

(FENELLA gettò uno sguardo su di ELVIRA corre verso di lei: le strappa il velo che copre il suo volto, ed allontanandosene con isdegno, sembra

PIETRO

They crave vengeance!

CHORUS

To that we swore:
Thou art pledg'd, by faith—
Slavery no more—
To tyrants, death!

(During this Chorus, FENELLA awakes
and listens.)

MASANIELLO

Be calm, my friends: what madness
is it moves you?
Would you with other murders stain
your hands?

PIETRO

The tyrant Viceroy's son's escaped
his fate!
Our common safety claims that he
should die!
'Tis near this spot his flying steps
have brought him.

(FENELLA evinces the most ardent
terror.)

MASANIELLO

Is it not enough to chase away our
tyrants?
But must we drink their blood?
Let mercy, pity, stay the avenging
steel!

PIETRO AND CHORUS

To that we swore:
Thou art pledg'd, by faith—
Slavery no more—
To tyrants, death!

MASANIELLO

Silence! and hear! Too much of
blood, of carnage,
Have signalized already your re-
venge:
'Tis time I put an end to this blind
rage.

PIETRO

It is in vain you would restrain our
ardor.
You would betray us—

MASANIELLO

Speak lower—see—my sister!

(FENELLA, who has attended to all
that has passed, when MASANIELLO

speaks of her, suddenly affects to be
in a sound sleep.)

PIETRO

She sleeps.

MASANIELLO

But she may hear us—have a care.

PIETRO

Well then within!—Follow; nor
make us wait.

CHORUS

To that we swore:
Thou art pledg'd, by faith,
Slavery no more—
To tyrants, death!

(The pass into an inner room of the
Cottage.)

SCENE IV.

FENELLA alone.

(She has overheard all—she trembles
—a thousand confused feelings agi-
tate her: the danger of ALFONZO—
the remembrance of his treachery. A
knock is heard at the door of the
Cottage: FENELLA, frightened, hesi-
tates—the knock is repeated: she
decides to open the door—recog-
nizes ALFONZO, and hides her face
in her hands.)

SCENE V.

FENELLA, ALFONZO, enveloped in a
mantle, and ELVIRA, with a black
veil over her head.

ALFONZO

Whoe'er thou art, oh! listen to my
prayer,
And save us from the death that
now awaits us!
What see I? gracious Heaven! it is
she!
Fenella! mistress of my destiny!

(FENELLA draws back in alarm—gives
him to understand that a crime
never goes unpunished—reproaches
him with his treachery.)

(FENELLA casts a hasty look at ELVIRA
—rushes to her—half opens her
mantle—tears the veil from her
face—then retreats with anger,

*dire ad ALFONZO.—Ecco dunque
colei alla quale tu mi hai posposta,
e pretendi ch'io ti salvi!)*

ELVIRA

Salvate il mio consorte!

(FENELLA non è più padrona di sè medesima, e non ascolta che la sua gelosia: essa vuol salvare ALFONZO, ma perdere la sua rivale. Con questo intendimento ha già mosso il piede verso la camera ove sono entrati i pescatori.)

(ELVIRA arrestandola per una mano.)

Qual vi trasporta, oimè!—sdegno feroce?
Non ricusate deh! la mia preghiera:
Asilo io vi domando
Gemendo e lagrimando.

(FENELLA passa a vicenda dalla vendetta alla pietà.—Essa rimane immobile in mezzo ad ALFONZO ed ELVIRA.)

ELVIRA

Arbitra d'una vita
Che mi sarà rapita,
La voce mi discenda
Supplice nel tuo sen.
Io pur del tuo dolore
Pietade accolsi in core:
Ed or pietà ti prenda
Del mio dolore almen.
Infelice nei tuoi mali
Un asil trovasti in me—
Me colpir gli stessi strali
E piangente io vengo a te.

(FENELLA non può resistere alla preghiera di ELVIRA: facendo un violento sforzo su lei medesima, prende le mani di ELVIRA e di ALFONZO e giura di salvare entrambi, o di morire con essi.)

SCENA VI.

MASANIELLO e detti.

MASANIELLO (*avanzandosi.*)

Che veggio mai stranieri in mia cappanna?
Che mi si vuol? Parlate.

ALFONZO

Smarriti nell'orror di densa notte,
Più scampo non abbiamo:
Il popolo c'insegue, e noi fuggiamo
Alla strage, allo scempio!

MASANIELLO

Al mio tetto ospital mai venne dato,
Che invan lo sventurato
Implorosse pietà.—Sia di chi vuolsi
Il sangue onde l'acciar tinto hai tu
forse,
Qui protetto sarai,
E qui difesa e sicurezza avrai.

(FENELLA manifesta la sua gioja, e sembra dire co' gesti:—Non temete, siete salvati; mio fratello si fa mallevadore della vostra vita.)

SCENA VII.

PIETRO, BORELLA, alcuno dei loro compagni e detti.

PIETRO

Dal popolo scortati
Vengono i magistrati
Per offerir le chiavi
Della cittade a te,
Che veggo?—e il figlio o puoi
Tu accòr del Vicerè?

MASANIELLO

Ah!—Pietro—che dicesti?

PIETRO

Egli è dinanzi a te.

PIETRO E CORO

(Minacciando ALFONZO.)

Cader, cader dovrai:
Fu al ciel da noi giurato:

seeming to say: This, then, is she thou hast preferred to me, and thou wouldst have me spare her life!)

ELVIRA

Fenella, save my husband! save him, save him!

(FENELLA is no longer mistress of herself—she listens but to the dictates of her jealousy—she would have saved ALFONZO, but feels prompted to immolate her rival. She makes a hasty step to the inner door, where the Fishermen have retired to consult.)

(ELVIRA, catching her by the hand and stopping her.)

RECITATIVE

Betray us not! despair thy pity woos!
Oh, grant us shelter,—'tis thy sovereign sues;
She, trembling, asks—canst thou to aid refuse?

(FENELLA—her heart divided between vengeance and pity—stops between ALFONZO and ELVIRA.)

ELVIRA

Our lives hang on thy breath,—
Oh, aid our dark distress!
Consign us not to death,—
We'll live, thy name to bless.
When lowly bent before me,
I stretched my arm to save;
Now humbly I implore thee
For that my pity gave.
The tear your woe revealing
Adown my cheek now steals;
You to your queen were kneeling:
To you your queen now kneels!

(FENELLA cannot resist their entreaties—she makes a violent effort—seizes both their hands—and swears to save them, or die with them.)

(Noise heard; MASANIELLO enters from inner room. ALFONZO seizes his sword.)

SCENE VI.

The preceding.—MASANIELLO.

MASANIELLO

Ah, strangers in my cottage!—
What means this?
Whom seek you?

ALFONZO

Wand'ring 'midst night's gloom,
All hope forsook us: we were pursued—
We fled the fury of the murderer.

MASANIELLO

At this abode of hospitality,
Misfortune never yet has knocked in vain.
Whatever blood may have embrued those hands,
Remain: I promise my protection—
That promise, better than thy sword, will aid thee.

(FENELLA evinces her gratification; and by her gestures to ALFONZO and ELVIRA, seems to say: You are safe—my brother answers for your life.)

SCENE VII.

The preceding.—PIETRO, BORELLA, and Conspirators.

PIETRO

Comrade, conducted by the people hither—
Making their way in fair and peaceful order—
The Magistrates of Naples humbly come,
To place within thy hands the city's keys.

(Perceiving ALFONZO.)

What do I see? Great Heavens, the Viceroy's son!

MASANIELLO

The Viceroy's son—

PIETRO

Stands now, himself, before you!

PIETRO AND CHORUS

'Tis he! Heaven gives to us our worst of foes

E farti alcun salvato
Da morte non potrà.

ALFONZO (*a PIETRO.*)

Giammai finchè respiro
Non lo potrai, spietato;
Finchè la spada ho a lato
Nessun mi oppimerà—

(*FENELLA frapponendosi a coloro che vogliono slanciarsi contro di ALFONZO, corre da suo fratello e gli esprime coi gesti:—Egli era senza asilo, senza difesa; è venuto supplichevole a domandarti ospitalità, tu gliela accordasti; lo ricevesti sotto il tuo tetto, gli giurasti protezione ed ora lo lasceresti immolare? e queste mura dovrebbero esser tinte del sangue suo?*

MASANIELLO (*a FENELLA.*)

No, non fia data invan
La fide mia giammai,

(*ad ALFONZO.*)

Da me si onora, il giuro,
Fede, ospitalità.
Niun d'insultarlo ardisca!
Sian rispettati or quā.

PIETRO E CORO

Alfonzo morte avrà.
Tu lo giurasti a noi—

MASANIELLO

Qual nuova audacia in voi
Sorger potea?

PIETRO E CORO

Tiranno!

MASANIELLO (*a PIETRO.*)

Io son tiranno e assolvo,
Tu il sei per basso cor—
Borella: a te li affido:
Il mio battello prendi;
Entrambi a Castel Nuovo
Gli scorgi tu, gli scendi—
Vanne: in tua man ripongo
Il loro, il nostro onor.
Se alcun di voi sol forma
(Afferrando una scure.)

Il perfido disegno
Di seguirne l'orma—
Da me si punirà—

PIETRO E CORO

(*Fra loro.*)

Vendetta avrà l'oltraggio,
E orrenda ella sarà.

(*Tutti sgombrano il passo ad ALFONZO e ad ELVIRA che si allontanano, guardando FENELLA, scortati da BORELLA.*)

SCENA VIII.

Il fondo della Capanna si schiude in questo momento. Veggansi giungere i Magistrati con seguito di Grandi e di Paggi che presentano a MASANIELLO con le chiavi della Città tutte le insegne reali.—Il popolo è in coda a questo sontuoso corteggio.

CORO

Onor, onor e gloria,
A Masaniel si dè:
L'eroe della vittoria
Sia desso il nostro re.

(*Mentre cantasi questo Coro, MASANIELLO è vestito del regio manto e cinto delle insegne reali.*)

MASANIELLO

Addio capanna mia,
Addio modesto asilo,
Lasciarti or fia
Crudel tormento al cor.
Contento ch'io provai
In quest'umil soggiorno,
Mi seguirai
In regio ostello ancor!

CORO

Onor, onor e gloria
A Masaniel si dè:
L'eroe della vittoria
Sia desso il nostro re.

PIETRO E PESCATORI (*fra loro.*)

Per tanta gloria
Fremente è il cor?—
Ma la vittoria
Vacilla ancor.

(*MASANIELLO viene collocato su di un destriero riccamente bardato egli si allontana cinto dai Magistrati, dai grandi, dai paggi, e seguito da' suoi fautori e dal popolo, mentre PIETRO ed i suoi compagni lo minacciano. FENELLA che trovasi vicino a PIETRO, lo esamina con timore: i suoi sguardi inquieti si levano al cielo e sembrano pregare per il fratello.*)

FINE DELL'ATTO QUARTO.

Thou'st promis'd he should fall
beneath our blows.

ALFONZO (*to PIETRO.*)
Ferocious murderer! I brave thy
hate;
To death consign me, or yield thou
to fate!

(FENELLA runs to her Brother, and by
gestures says: ALFONZO is without
a shelter—without defence, and
came a suppliant to demand an asy-
lum: you granted it him—received
him under your roof—you swore
you would protect him, and you
now would leave him to be im-
molated! These walls will be for-
ever stained with his blood.)

MASANIELLO (*to FENELLA.*)
His confidence in me shall not be
misplaced:
I have not forgot the oath so late
I swore.

(*To ALFONZO.*)

I promised thee my hospitality; so
said—
That promise, better than thy sword
shall aid thee.
His life is sacred, friends!

PIETRO AND CHORUS

We have thy oath!
His life is ours!

MASANIELLO

Ah! dost thou brave me, then?
Obey in silence!

PIETRO AND CHORUS

Tyrant, fear our rage!

MASANIELLO

If I'm a tyrant 'tis but to yield
mercy:
You would be tyrants to deal death
to all.

(*To ELVIRA and ALFONZO.*)

Away! fear nothing—haste.

(*To BORELLA.*)

Take thou my boat:
Convey them to the walls of Châ-
teauneuf.
Be faithful!—haste! you answer for
their lives.

(*Seizing a hatchet.*)

Tracking the steps of these poor
fugitives,
Should any one but dare to cross
that threshold,
He falls 'neath this avenging arm
that moment!

PIETRO AND CHORUS

(*in a low voice.*)

Have we, then, changed but our op-
pressors, friends?

(*They open a passage for ALFONZO
and ELVIRA, who exeunt, gratefully
regarding FENELLA.*)

SCENE VIII.

FENELLA, MASANIELLO, PIETRO.—*The back of the Cottage is shut in, as described in Scene I., with a sail, which at this moment is raised, and discovers the Magistrates and principal Inhabitants of the City bringing MASANIELLO the keys of Naples.—The Procession bear palms and crowns.*

CHORUS

Oh, joy, oh day of joy....
Victory hails thee now!
Crown with myrtles green,
The victor's noble brow!

(*Magistrates, etc., present MASANIELLO the keys of the City, and invest him with a magnificent robe: then bring forward a noble charger, on which they invite him to mount.*)

MASANIELLO

Adieu, thou lovely home
Of childhood's earliest joys!
To you no more I come,
And grandeur's palace cloys.

NEAPOLITANS

Oh joy, oh day of joy!
Victory hails thee now!
Crown with myrtle green
The victor's noble brow.

PIETRO AND CONSPIRATORS

No day of joy to thee shall be,—
No night of rest we'll give to thee:
We soon shall take thy life from thee—
In prison dark thou soon shalt be!

(*MASANIELLO mounts the charger, surrounded by the People, who dance around him.—During this time, PIETRO and Conspirators menace him aside, with their poignards.—FENELLA, who is near PIETRO, regards him with alarm; and while the retinue congregate round her Brother, she casts her eyes up to Heaven, and appears to be praying for his safety.*)

END OF ACT IV.

ATT O V.

SCENA I.

Vestibolo nel Palazzo del Vicerè; terrazzino a sinistra giardino in fondo oltre il quale si vede il Vesuvio.

PIETRO, Pescatori, Fanciulle del volgo.
—Tutti escono da un appartamento dove supponsi la sala del banchetto. È la fine d'un'Orgia.—Tutti hanno in mano delle coppe e dei vasi pieni di vino; alcuni hanno delle chitarre.

PIETRO

(Sorte accompagnandosi colla chitarra la seguente canzone.)

Ve' come il vento irato
Nel sen della procella
La debil navicella
Del pescator portò!
Ma il Nume dei dolenti,
Pietoso a' suoi lamenti,
Lo scorge, e il miser campa
Dal mar che il minacciò.

TUTTI

Esulta!—il tuo naviglio
Sicuro in porto entrò.

UN PESCATORE
(cautamente a PIETRO.)

Alfin di quel tiranno
Hai tronche le catene?

PIETRO

(Come sopra.)

Gli scorre già le vene
Pestifero velen—

SECOND COUPLET

La rabbia dei pirati
A sera ed all'aurora
Al pescator talora
La morte minacciò.
Ma il Nume dei dolenti,
Pietoso a' suoi lamenti,
Lo scorge, e il miser campa
Dal mar che il minacciò—

TUTTI

Esulta!—il tuo naviglio
Sicuro il porto entro—

PIETRO

Alcun qui avanza, parmi—

SCENA II.

BORELLA, e detti.

PIETRO

Qual t'agita spavento,
Borella?

BORELLA

Amici all'armi?
Contro di noi rivolti
Si son ben mille accolti
Nemici assalitor.
Inoltran essi?—

PIETRO

Oh rabbi!

BORELLA

Contro di noi pur sembra che il ciel
sdegnato sia;
Di qualche pena ria presagio a noi si
fa.
Cupo il Vesuvio mugge in grembo della
terra:
E ognun che intorno fugge speranza
più non ha—

CORO DI UOMINI

Chi dal periglio omay
Salvare ci potrà?

DONNE

Sol Masaniello il puote:
Ei sol ci salverà—

BORELLA

Non è più tempo!

CORO

Oh cielo!
Non è più forse in vita?

BORELLA

Ei vive, ma smarrita ogni ragione
egli ha—

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Theatre represents the Vestibule of the Viceroy's Palace.—On the left, a grand stone Staircase leading to a Terrace.—At the back, in the distance, is seen the summit of Mount Vesuvius.

PIETRO, Fishermen, and young Girls of the humbler class.—They enter from an apartment on the left, the one appropriated to the banquet.—It is the conclusion of a carousal: some hold in their hands goblets and flasks of wine; others carry guitars.

PIETRO (with a guitar.)

How gallantly yon vessel braves
The dangers which the lightnings show;
The raging winds, the bursting waves,
Conspire against the wretched crew.
But ah! some saint above,
Is watching them with love;
Through perils safely guides,
And for their need provides.
The danger's past that late o'ercast
The vessel safe in harbor rides!

CHORUS

Drink, drink, the bark in harbor
safely rides!

A FISHERMAN (*low, to PIETRO.*)
Of our new tyrant have you broke
the chains?

PIETRO (*the same.*)

Yes, yes, our chief I've punish'd for
his treachery.

(Pointing to the Banqueting-room
on the left.)

Thanks to my care, soon will a rapid
poison,
With fiery haste, rush through his
recreant veins.

SECOND COUPLET

At evening, often on this shore,
Pirates, to swell their guilty gains,
Madden'd with pillage and with gore,
Would bear the fisher off in chains.
But the Madonna guides—a refuge
she provides

'Gainst pirates, as 'gainst storm; and
all is happy calm.
The danger's past that late o'ercast—
His vessel safe in harbor rides!

CHORUS

Drink! drink! the bark in harbor
safely rides!

PIETRO

Be silent, friends—they come!

SCENE II.

The preceding—BORELLA, coming
from apartment on the left.

PIETRO

What moves you thus,
Borella?

BORELLA

Arm yourselves, friends, or tremble!
A powerful band Alfonzo has assembled
Now march towards this palace.

PIETRO

Desperation!

BORELLA

The very Heavens conspire against
us.
A certain omen of some great
calamity—
The angry roaring of Vesuvius,
As if in wrath, has damp'd the people's courage.

CHORUS OF FISHERMEN

The fate we merit!—Who can save
us now?

CHORUS OF WOMEN

Masaniello will avert Heaven's
anger!

CHORUS OF MEN

Masaniello can alone preserve us!

BORELLA

(Pointing to the door on the left.)
No longer look to him!

CHORUS

Is he, then, dead?

BORELLA

Nay, he still breathes; but heeds no
more our words.

Il suo fatal delirio a morte il con-
durrà!—

PIETRO

È Iddio che l'ha colpito—

BORELLA

Talor feroce, irato,
Sul campo ov'ha pugnato
Fra spenti ei crede star.
Or nella gioja eccede:
Canta a riprese, e crede
La barca sua guidar—

CORO

Oh Pietro!—Sciagurato!—
S'ei muor dovrai spirar.

PIETRO

In breve fia calmato
Quel folle delirar.

BORELLA

Silenzio!—Ei vien!—

SCENA III.

MASANIELLO *e detti.*

*Il disordine delle sue vesti annunzia il
disordine delle sue idee.*

MASANIELLO

Corriamo!—
Corriam?—alla vendetta.
All'armi! ed incendiam.

BORELLA

Ritorna in te—

MASANIELLO

Silenzio—
Silenzio, pescator—
Le reti in mar—prudenti ordir
Si parliam—

PIETRO

La sorte ci minaccia,
Il tuo timor discaccia:
Del suo favor sorriderti
Essa potrebbe ancor.
Partiam—

CORO

L'onor ti appella!—

MASANIELLO

Più bello sorse il giorno,
Accorra ognun con me.
(Il cielo s'imbruna, ed il Vesuvio co-
mincia a muggire.)
Cantiam la barcarola,
L'amore e il pescator;
Sen va con tempo amore—

CORO

Il re de' mari—non può fuggir.

SCENA IV.

FENELLA *e detti.*

(FENELLA si precipita nelle braccia di MASANIELLO. Gli comunica che i Soldati procedono in buon ordine colle bandiere spiegate, e che i tamburi danno il segno della marcia. Conduce MASANIELLO verso la finestra del palazzo e sembra dirgli. Vedili, vedili—eccoli—avanzano.

PIETRO *(a MASANIELLO.)*

Che pensi?—il loro sdegno
A morte ci trarrà—

MASANIELLO

(A poco a poco rientrando in sè, ed abbracciando con transports
FENELLA.)

O suora—O mia Fenella!—
L'aspetto a che dimesso?

PIETRO

Per l'inimico istesso
Che riede in securità?

MASANIELLO

Che ascolto?—e chi ritorna?

PIETRO

Sono i nemici—

MASANIELLO

Olà?—
All'armi!—

I know not what delirium has o'er-
power'd him.

PIETRO

'Tis Heaven that strikes!

BORELLA

One moment, sad, ferocious,
He deems he sees the dying and the
dead;
Then a bright smile will play around
his features,—
He'll sing, and think he steers his
bark to shore.

CHORUS

Wretched Pietro! thou diest, if life
forsakes him!

PIETRO

Not so, friends: reason has usurped
her empire.

BORELLA

He comes! he comes!

SCENE III.

The preceding,—MASANIELLO; the disorder of his attire manifests the aberration of his mind.

MASANIELLO

Hence! let us punish these fell
butchers, friends!
Their guilty blood retributive shall
flow!
We will reduce their palaces to
ashes!
Away!—Fire and the sword! fire
and the sword!

PIETRO

Be again yourself!

MASANIELLO (*taking his hand.*)
Speak low! speak low!
Yes, still we will our nets in silence
cast!
The hour is come—our prey's before
us!
Speak low! speak low!
We'll strike the monarch of the
waves at last!

PIETRO

Know'st thou what fearful peril
menaces us?
See thou our foes advance!—Be thou
our guide—
Our chief! They will fly before thee.
Let us go.

PIETRO AND CHORUS

'Tis honor calls thee!

MASANIELLO (*with an animated air.*)
Away! the morn's in beauty rising;
Then come, my friends, my com-
rades, on with me!

(*At this moment the horizon is ob-
scured; and Vesuvius is seen at a
distance, beginning to emit flames.*)

We'll gaily sing the barcarole—
Charm our short hour from rest and
toil.

For love has wings, alike with time.

CHORUS

If thus thou pausest, we all are lost!

SCENE IV.

The preceding, and FENELLA.

(FENELLA enters.—She runs to MASANIELLO—she explains to him that the Soldiers of the Viceroy are steadily advancing, with colors flying and drums beating—that the frightened Lazzaroni fly before them. Some have thrown down their arms; others on their knees are begging their lives. She then drags her Brother to the window of the Palace, and seems to say: They are there — they advance — they have sworn that not one shall escape them.)

PIETRO (*to MASANIELLO.*)

Thou seest their vengeance has con-
signed us to destruction.

MASANIELLO

(*Coming a little to himself, and press-
ing FENELLA to his heart.*)
Fenella! sister! what has caused
those tears?

PIETRO

What but our tyrants!—Let that
word arouse thee.

MASANIELLO (*listening.*)

What do I hear? Who come?

PIETRO

Our tyrants! Their soldiers!

MASANIELLO

(*Coming quite to himself.*)
My arms!

TUTTI

Ei ne conduce:
E Masaniello il duce;
Vittoria si otterrà—

(Escono tutti con la spada in mano
conducendo MASANIELLO che racco-
manda di aver cura di FENELLA.)

SCENA V.

FENELLA sola.

*Essa accompagna colla sguardo suo fratello per qualche tempo.—Ritor-
na verso il proscenio, ed invoca per lui la protezione del cielo. Questa è la sola cosa che domanda, mentre per lei non v'è più nessuna speranza di felicità. Esamina ancora la sciarpa datale da ALFONZO vuol disfarsene, e manca di risoluzione—la guarda—la bacia—sente avvicinarsi qualcuno e la nasconde.—*

SCENA VI.

ELVIRA, BORELLA e detta.

ELVIRA

(A FENELLA che vorrebbe allontanarsi.)

Rimanti, oimè! rimanti!
Ovunque è stage e pianto—
Vieni: ad orror cotanto
Togliamci per pietà—

(FENELLA non ha nulla a temere e vuol andarsene.)

ELVIRA

Odi d'intorno il suono
Che i più valenti atterra?—
Scampata a stento io sono
Dal fulmine di guerra;
A tuo fratello io deggio
E vita e libertà.

BORELLA

(Udendo un frastuono di grida festose.)
Ha vinto Masaniello!
La turba ei g'â sperdea—
Siccome ei già riedea,

Ei torna vincitor.
Che veggo?—è desso Alfonzo—
Oimè! qual dubbio ho in cor!

SCENA ULTIMA

ALFONZO, con Seguito e detti.

(FENELLA gli va incontro precipitosamente e gli domanda di MASANIELLO.)

ALFONZO

Il tuo fratello?—Oh pena!
Parlar io posso appena—
Egli—tuttor pugnava—
E mentre risparmiava
La vita all'idol mio—
Parlar non posso—Oh dio!—
Per cotant'opra irata
La turba ivi affollata—

BORELLA

Di cui l'affetto egli era.

ALFONZO

La turba—lo svenò—

(FENELLA nell'udire tremante tale racconto, cade semisvenuta fra le braccia di BORELLA.)

ALFONZO

Privo del mio soccorso,
Il misero spirò—
Ma—il vendicai—tremenda
Fu la vendetta mia;
La turba iniqua e ria
Da' miei dispersa fu,
Or che perduto è Aniello
Fuggire è lor virtù.

(FENELLA rinviene a poco a poco dal suo svenimento—vede ALFONZO accanto ad ELVIRA si rialza; getta su di ALFONZO un ultimo sguardo di dolore e di tenerezza: unisce la mano di lui a quella di ELVIRA e si precipita verso la scala di prospetto. Sorpresi da una così improvvisa partenza, ALFONZO ed ELVIRA si rivolgono per darle un estremo addio.—In questo momento il Vesuvio comincia ad eruttare vortici di fumo e

CHORUS

(Urging on MASANIELLO.)

To victory our leader guides our steps!
Order restored—no longer wild alarm!
To victory our leader guides our steps!

(Exeunt, sword in hand, urging on MASANIELLO, who charges BORELLA to remain near FENELLA, and watch over her safety.)

SCENE V.

FENELLA, alone.

(FENELLA remains some time watching her Brother, then returns to the front of the Stage and implores Heaven to protect him. It is all she asks.—she has no longer any hope of happiness for herself. She regards the scarf ALFONZO gave her—covers it with kisses; on hearing steps, she hastily hides it. It is ELVIRA, her rival, who enters, pale and in disorder: FENELLA asks her why she is there alone—from whence came she?)

SCENE VI.

FENELLA, ELVIRA, and BORELLA.

ELVIRA

Remain not here!—The murderer, the incendiary, Despoil this palace; then away—fly! fly!

(FENELLA signifies that she has nothing to fear, and will remain.)

ELVIRA

Hear you not, then, those cries that soar to Heaven? The murderous sword was raised against my life: I should have fallen, but for a generous being—It was thy brother!—he restrained their fury.

BORELLA

Great Heavens! hear I aright—Masaniello? He, then, has triumph'd! 'twas decreed by destiny.

Hark! he returns! What do I see?
—Alfonzo!

SCENE VII.

The preceding.—ALFONZO and SUITZ.

(FENELLA runs to ALFONZO, and asks for MASANIELLO.)

ALFONZO

Your brother!—hapless chance! regret eternal! He bravely fought. Alas! the ruthless wretches! He would have spared their souls another crime! Elvira, threatened, flew to him for succor: He saved her life—the people, in their rage—

BORELLA

He was their idol!

ALFONZO

He is now their victim!

(FENELLA, who has tremblingly listened to the foregoing recital, falls half-fainting into BORELLA's arms, who supports her.)

ALFONZO

Vainly, alas! I sought to rescue him! But I at last avenged him. Our brave troops Have far from hence dispers'd this horde of rebels: Masaniello dead, but flight could save them.

(FENELLA recovers by degrees from her fainting—seeing ALFONZO at the side of ELVIRA; she raises herself—casts upon ALFONZO a last look of tenderness and regret, then joins his hand with ELVIRA'S, and hastily rushes up the stairs at the back of the Stage. ALFONZO and ELVIRA, surprised at her sudden departure, turn to take a last farewell of her.—At this moment Vesuvius begins to throw out volumes of fire and

di fiamme. FENELLA giunta sul terrazzo, contempla questo terribile spettacolo.—Resta alquanto sospeso, indi stacca la sua sciarpa, la getta verso ALFONZO innalza gli occhi al cielo, e si precipita nella lava ardente.—ALFONZO ed ELVIRA gettano un grido di spavento.—Ma contemporaneamente il Vesuvio mugge con più forore; e la lava infiammata esce precipitosa dal cratere del Vulcano.

Il popolo accorso onde ripararsi in questo vestibolo si prosterna nel massimo scoramento.)

CORO

Coperto è il ciel d'un velo:
Tutto è spavento e orror.
Cielo!—clemente cielo!—
Pietà del nostro error.

FINE.

smoke; FENELLA, appearing on the Terrace behind, contemplates this terrible spectacle. She stops, unfastens her scarf, which she throws to ALFONZO, raises her eyes to Heaven, and then precipitates herself into the abyss below.—ALFONZO and ELVIRA utter a cry of horror; at the same moment Vesuvius bursts forth with greater fury, and vomits

a volcano of burning lava.—The People, in great terror, prostrate themselves.)

CHORUS

Oh, pardon thou our crime!
Protect us, Heaven, we pray!
Oh, may the victim of this hour
Thy righteous vengeance stay!

THE END.

Allegretto. Tutti.

Musical score for orchestra, Allegretto. Tutti. The score consists of six staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by '8') and the remaining four staves are in 6/8 time. The key signature is one sharp. The dynamics range from *ff* (fortissimo) to *pp* (pianissimo). The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note figures. Measures 1-4 show a repetitive eighth-note chord pattern. Measures 5-8 show sixteenth-note patterns. Measures 9-12 show eighth-note chords. Measures 13-16 show sixteenth-note patterns. Measures 17-20 show eighth-note chords. Measures 21-24 show sixteenth-note patterns. Measures 25-28 show eighth-note chords. Measures 29-32 show sixteenth-note patterns. Measures 33-36 show eighth-note chords. Measures 37-40 show sixteenth-note patterns. Measures 41-44 show eighth-note chords. Measures 45-48 show sixteenth-note patterns. Measures 49-52 show eighth-note chords. 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MASANIETTO.

Musical score for orchestra, featuring a vocal part for Masaniello. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the vocal part, which starts with a rest followed by a melodic line. The bottom staff is for the orchestra. The vocal part has lyrics: "Tutti. Be - hold ... the". The orchestra part includes dynamic markings *f* (forte) and *sf p* (sforzando piano).

morn in splen - dor break - eth, Pre-prepare your barques, well.

sf p *sf p*

soon set sail, If storm - y cloud our way o'er-tak - eth,

sf p *sf p* *sf p*

Brave - ly stem.... 'gainst the an - gry gale, Put off, our course we know full well, Be

pp

wa - - ry, speak low, The fu - ture none could yet fore-tell, Be wa - - ry, speak

low, be wa - ry,speak low,

low, be wa - ry,speak low,

TREBLES. *p* Put off, our course full well we know, Be wa - - ry, speak

1st and 2d TENORS. *p* Put off, our course full well we know, Be wa - - ry, speak

BASSES. *p* Put off, our course full well we know, Be wa - - ry, speak

Horns sustain.

p
 low, The fu - ture none could yet foretell, Be wa - - ry, speak low, . . . But

low, The fu - ture none could yet foretell, Be wa - - ry, speak low, . . . But

low, The fu - ture none could yet foretell, Be wa - - ry, speak low, . . . But

low,.... But time and tide will safe-ly bear us through, but time ... and

tide will safe-ly bear us through, yes, time ... and.... tide will safe-ly bear us

(whispering.)

through, yes, time...and ... tide will safe - ly bear us through. Be wa - ry,speak

BORELLA.

pp

time..... ... and

time and tide will safe - ly bear us through, yes, time and tide will

time and tide will safe - ly bear us through, yes, time and tide will

time and tide will safe - ly bear us through, yes, time and tide will

sf >

mf

safe - ly bear us through, But time and tide will safe - ly bear us

mf

safe - ly bear us through, But time and tide will safe - ly bear us

mf

safe - ly bear us through, But time and tide will safe - ly bear us

sforza

sf *mf*

time..... and

through, yes, time and tide will safe-ly bear us through.
through, yes, time and tide will safe-ly bear us through.
through, yes, time and tide will safe-ly bear us through.

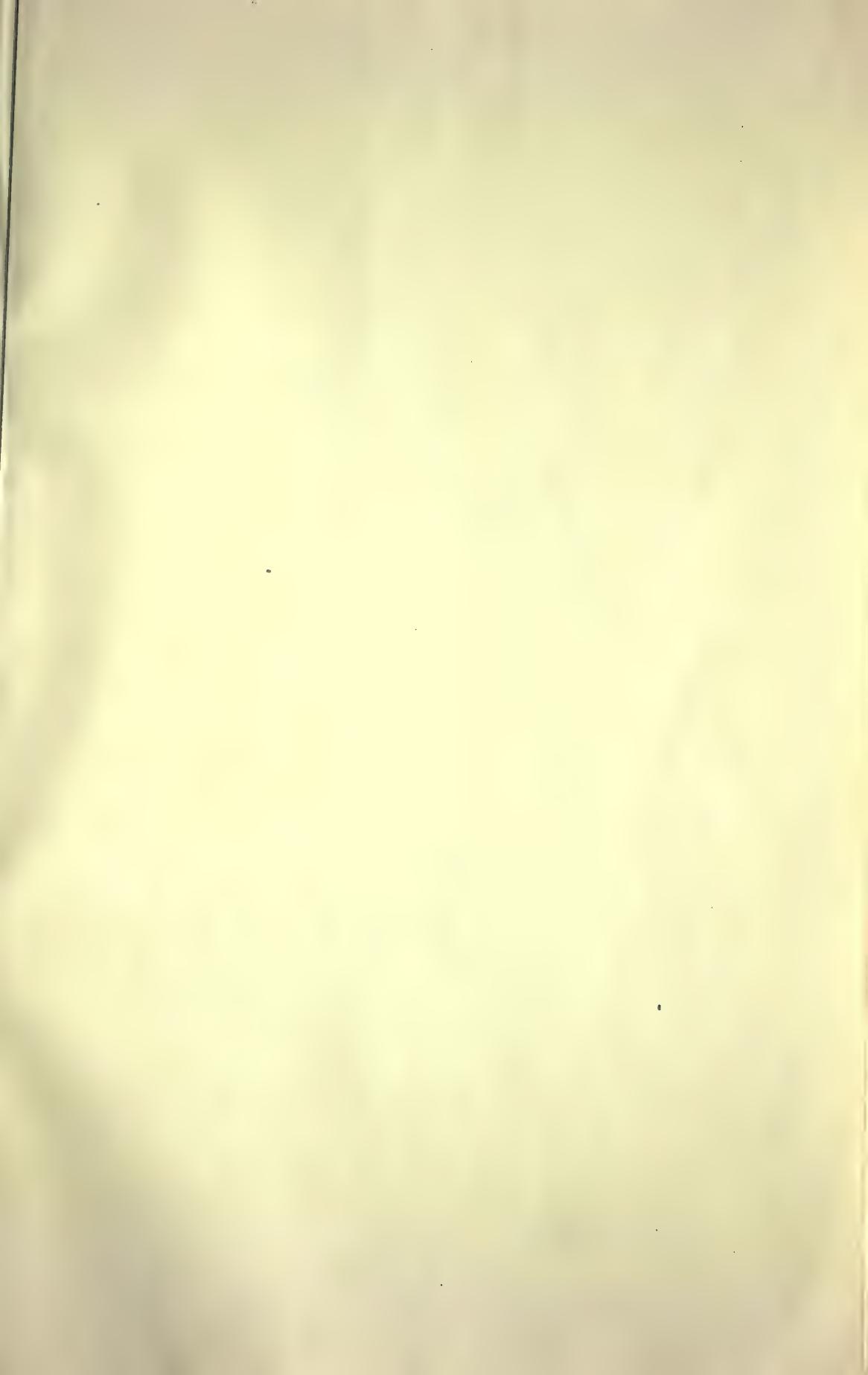
The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a forte dynamic (f). The middle staff is for the piano right hand, and the bottom staff is for the piano left hand. The vocal line repeats the phrase "through, yes, time and tide will safe-ly bear us through." The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and rhythmic patterns. Measure numbers 11, 12, and 13 are present above the staves.

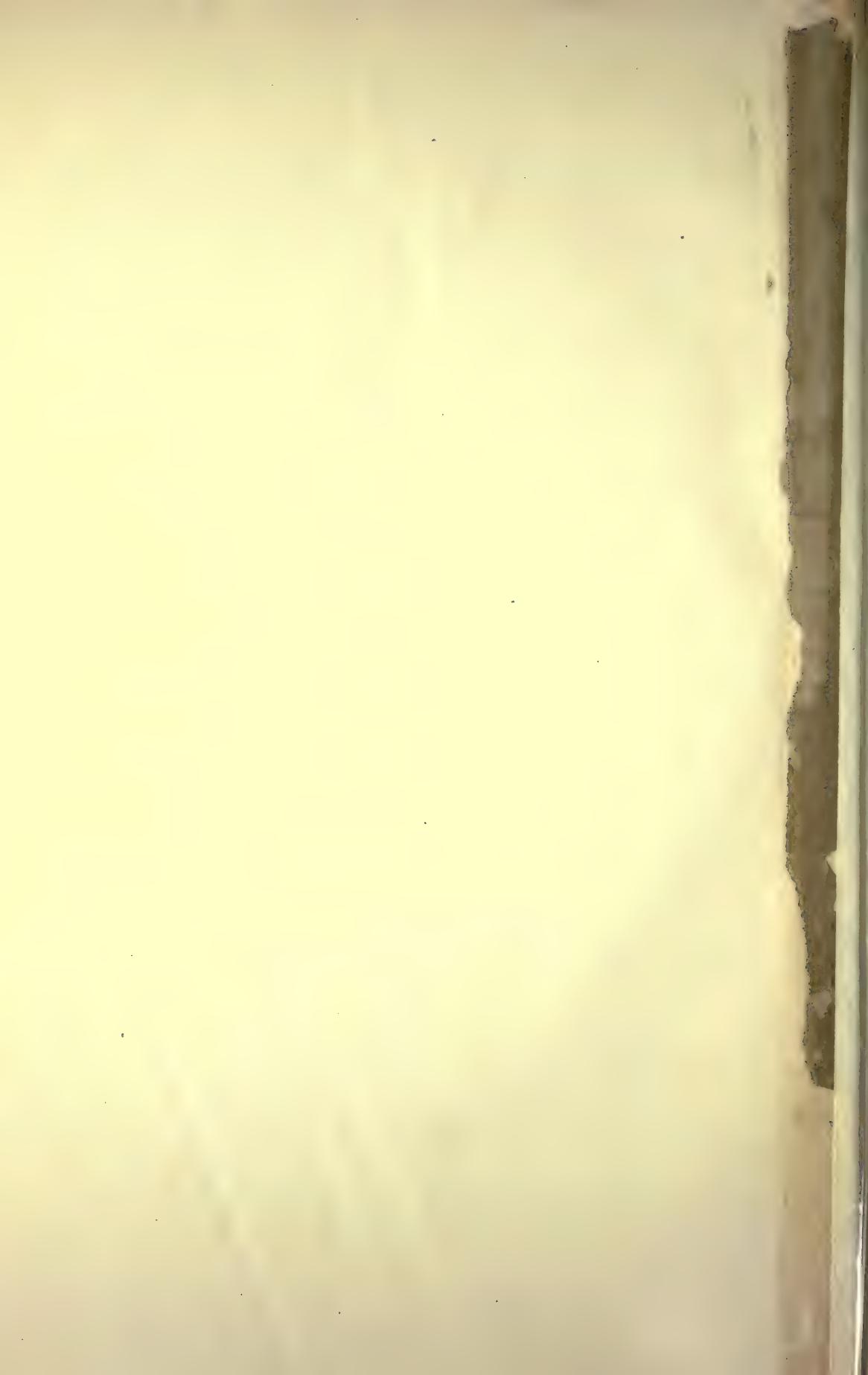
f
p

The musical score continues with two more staves. The top staff shows a series of eighth-note patterns in sixteenth-note heads. The middle staff shows sustained chords. The bottom staff shows eighth-note patterns. Dynamics f and p are indicated above the staves.

f
p
ff

The musical score concludes with two staves. The top staff shows eighth-note patterns. The middle staff shows sustained chords. Dynamics f, p, and ff are indicated above the staves.









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